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NO. 20.

Titerary Department. was caused by one of her bearers missing his footing; that she had hastened home as soon as pos-

For the Banner of Light.

HEIDELBERG TALES.

NUMBER TWO.

BY H. BRACE NORVILLE.

THE SILVER MOUNTAIN.

Yankee dentists are almost ubiquitous. The high art of dental surgery seems to be very nearly monoplized by the ingenuity of American practitioners. They are in demand everywhere; and as our national migratory disposition is especially fitted for accepting the call, Asiatic, South American and European grinders are generally pulled, plugged, and promiscuously tortured by errant scions of the universal Yankee Nation.

Dr. Welby was one of those wanderers. After a long practice of his profession throughout most of Heathendom and Christendom, he had settled down at Heidelberg on account of its literary attractions, and his villa, crowded with all the evidences of wealth and artistic taste, was the coveted resort of the learned of many nations. I was happy, indeed, in having the entree of it at all times, as an intimate and confidential friend.

It was one evening, in the summer of 1859, that I entered his room, as usual, only to find him, newspaper in hand, promenading the floor in the greatest apparent excitement. To my eager and anxious inquiries, he responded by tossing me the journal which contained the following announce-

"GREAT EARTHQUAKE IN PERU!

Recent advices from Panama, via New York and Liverpool, announce that the city of Lima, in Peru, has been almost destroyed by an earthquake. Few buildings remain, and the loss of life has been very great. The principal shock occurred at midnight on the 10th of May, and the work of ruin was completed in ten minutes. Neighboring towns had also suffered terribly, and the coast has in some places been elevated several feet. Many vessels in the harbor of Callao were driven on shore and wrecked by the tremendous waves. It is impossible to collect all the details of the disaster, but the loss of property and life is immense. Couriers from the mountains report the adjacent volcanoes in a high state of activity."

I read the article through attentively, and then ventured to express some surprise at the Doctor's excitement. He responded with a story, the leading points of which are embodied in the following paragraphs:

For three years I had been practicing my profession in the city of Lima, and gaining influence. popularity and wealth, when my professional duties led me to form the acquaintance of Conchita Mendez. I was practicing both dentistry and eueral surgery, and had performed many cures which were considered remarkable, and even miraculous; so that my field of operations, which at first lay wholly among the poorer classes, the Indians and peons, had at last extended to the patrician ranks, where the lady mentioned belonged.

She was by birth a Mestizo, or descendant of

both the Spanish and Indian races. Her father was a miner, reported to possess enormous wealth; and her mother, who had died some years before, was an Indian woman, in regard to whom strange stories were current among all classes. She was described as a person of great intellect and nower, who was almost worshiped by her poor and oppressed race; and at her death, this veneration was apparently transferred to her daughter and only child, Conchita, who, by her father's death, had been left sole heir to an immense inheritance. She was a standing mystery among the Limanese. Many a young Don would have been glad to win her hand and fortune, but none were allowed to approach her, and she was regarded as the haughtiest of aristocrats by the white race. She was never seen at the theatre; seldom at the cathedral; her carriage never mingled with the throng of pleasure-seekers on the Plaza. But among the huts of the needy Indians, wherever there was want of charity to relieve disease and distress, she came like a gracious Providence, and was always welcomed and worshiped. Such were some of the current reports concerning her. I had done much gratuitous professional work among the same classes, and though I had never met her, I found her footprints everywhere.

By this you may judge with what eager alacrity I obeyed the summons which called me to her side. I had heard much of her wealth and beauty, but was ill prepared for the queenly splendor of her person, or the elaborate elegance that surrounded her. She was lying upon a silken divan, her face pale and rigid with suffering, but giving no other outward sign of the torture she endured. She was above the middle height, with a form perfectly statuesque in its proportions, and her Indian blood scarcely showing itself by richer tints of brunette and rose. And such hair and eyes! The former flowed in massive jet-black waves almost to her feet, and the latter were also black, of wonderful size and depth, and full of an intense, mouraful splendor, whose expression will haunt me forever. The room in which she lay was filled with evidences of taste and culture, such as I had seen nowhere else in South America. Masterpieces of art, books comprising the choicest literature of all nations, the music of the most celebrated composers, filled the room. But I scarcely glanced at these, and proceeded at once to examine into the condition of my patient.

Some severe bruises on the side, a broken arm and a dislocated shoulder answered my diagnosis. The inflammation and swelling were very severe. I at once saw that some time had elapsed since the injuries were received. To my inquiries, the lady answered that she had been thrown down a precipice from a litter, while on a journey among the once more resumed our mysterious journey. mountains, five days before; that the accident

ing; that she had hastened home as soon as possible after her fall, having received no surgical or medical aid, except cold water compresses applied to the wounds. She avoided all mention of her object in taking this dangerous journey, and of the direction in which she had been.

Without waiting to ponder over this, I at once set myself to work. Thanks to chloroform, strength and perseverance, the fractured bones were put into place at last, and the sufferer got into the way of recovery, though the terrible contraction and inflammation prolonged the struggle, and caused the greatest and most continuous pain during the weary weeks and months of recovery. It was a case which demanded constant attendance, and required that I should spend some hours of every day by her bedside.

It is at such times as this, that the surgeon gets some real insight into the character of his patient. Conchita manifested such fortitude as I never saw elsewhere. Not a moan or impatient word escaped her during all this terrible ordeal. She showed the true Indian impassivity and stoicism, refined into a loftier and more intellectual heroism. And so at last her splendid vital organization and marble nerves triumphed over suffering, and she was pronounced fairly out of the reach of danger.

You can readily guess the sequel. Constantly by her side, reading the masterpieces of human thought to beguile her hours of pain and weariness-discussing the works of the sculptors and painters-studying her wonderful mental gifts and magnificent physical development—I came at last to regard her with such a passionate awe and adoration as has seldom been accorded to mortals. She had nothing in common with the pretty, petty, coquettish, ignorant belles of Limanese society. She was of another race-a queen. a goddess, a star!

And soon I came to see and feel that my regard did not return to me wholly empty. She always welcomed me with a smile-she seemed happy in my presence-she expressed freely her admiration of what she was pleased to term my high mental endowments-and yet at times there seemed to drop between us an undefinable, chilling shadow-the atmosphere of some awful mystery-and in the midst of the warmest and tenderest interchange of thought and feeling, this invisible Presence would wrap itself around her, and her face would assume a cold, far-off, Nemesislike aspect, which seemed to warn me that our life-orbits were too widely separated to ever blend into one.

Nevertheless, the crisis came. An hour at last arrived, in which the tide of human feeling overwept all barriers, and I was enabled to tell her all that was in my heart. I will not attempt to describe all that followed; the old, frozen, mysterious Arctic glacier that thrust itself between us; the Tropical, omnipotent love that came warming and melting, and smiling-in fragrance, rainbows, sunshine-through. At last she responded in such words as these:

"There is a mighty, wonderful, fearful barrier between us. I am helpless in the grasp of destiny; I cannot cross it to join you; but perhaps in the might of human love you can surmount it and come to me. Make no vows, no pledges now; go home and reflect till you hear from me. Then, if you are ready to endure sufferings, brave dangers, pass through terrible ordeals for my sake, do as I shall direct you. Now leave me, for I have a long and strange journey before me!' And so we parted.

Three days of terrible suspense passed. Early on the morning of the fourth, a young, powerful, particularly reticent young Indian delivered me the following note:

"Come with the bearer, asking no questions, but making such preparations as he suggests. You will find me at the end of your journey.

Half an hour later, both of us were in the saddle, riding Eastward toward the Cordilleras. We climbed the vast breast of the Western range, which rises like a wall, sixteen thousand feet above the sea, surmounted by the snowy pinnacles, towering in inaccessible splendor a mile into the crystal deeps above. We crossed the vast, rugged table-land that stretches out toward the Eastern Cordilleras. For a week we rode through rugged passes, across roaring torrents, and over barren, precipitous mountains, amid scenery growing wilder with every stage of our journey. At last the stupendous snowy cones of the Eastern Cordilleras broke upon our view. All traces of civilization had long disappeared. The only sign of human life that appeared in this desolate, unknown land, was the occasional apparition of

us with a strange glance of recognition, but uttered no word and made no other sign. But at last the slender herbage which had hitherto sustained our beasts of burden, disappeared. The scanty trace of a road over the frozen desert ended. We left our horses at a small, ruinous hut, which lurked in a narrow, almost inaccessible valley, and in which forage had been stored, apparently for our use, to pursue our journey on

a lurking, solitary, silent Indian, who looked at

Hitherto my guide had maintained an obstinate silence in spite of all my inquiries. Now, his inflexible lips opened wide enough to say in Spanish, "don't be afraid, you are going to the SILVER MOUNTAIN; you will see strange things; trust yourself to me, and all will be well."

Love, interest, curiosity to see the end of this wild adventure, overcame physical exhaustion and mental distrust. We lay down and slept as only wearied men can, and on awaking at sunrise, I was hardly surprised to see two stranger Indians, bearing heavy burdens, steal up like silent ghosts to join our company. A hasty and silent meal of tortillas and coffee followed, and we

All that day we clambered up the narrow val-

ley of a half-dried mountain torrent, bounded on | bowed in reverence. Before it stood a long line either side by vertical walls rising a thousand feet into the air, and at times almost meeting above our heads. The scenery was indescribable, awful, unearthly. It was the abode of desolation and utter death. No living thing, nothing but stupendous precipices of volcanic rock, greeted our vision. The air became bitterly cold, and almost unrespirable on account of its extreme tenuity. At last our journey seemed to end as the narrow valley which we had been following ceased to open before us; terminating abruptly against dizzy precipices, down which, as from the windows of heaven, poured a snow-white cataract, two thousand feet in one unbroken plunge, almost completely diffused in snowy spray. Here night came down upon us. The knapsacks of our silleros afforded us food, and wrapped in our cloaks, we lay down upon the frozen rocks, and slept the deathlike sleep of utter exhaustion.

Morning broke at last, wrapping these awful mountain solitudes in a robe of chilly, frosty mist, My impassive guide led the way to a narrow fissure, scarcely a yard in width, which seemed to cleave the mountain to its base; the trace of some ancient volcanic contortions. To the wall of this was fastened a slender ladder of ropes, whose summit was lost in the eddying, whirling clouds of vapor. Up this we ascended, scaling heights that seemed utterly interminable. Resting now and then upon a narrow shelf of projecting rock, we toiled for hours up this terrible path, at times almost blinded by the spray of the cataract, and breathless, exhausted, by the interminableness of the ascent. At last the summit was reached, only to be followed by a journey across the breast of a gigantic mountain, whose base and summit were hidden from view by the clouds that folded over all. Often our only means of passage was a row of slight niches out in the vertical face of the precipice, and to miss footing here was to perish

in the fathomless abyss below. Through such unearthly scenes as these, we clambered dizzily onward, till at last our journey ended in a narrow mountain valley, not less than eighteen thousand feet above the sea level, and surrounded on every side by desolate, icy precipices, too Titanic for even the condor to scale. A sharp turn to the left showed me a vaulted passage, apparently cut in the solid rock, and leading straight onward into obscurity. My guide lighted a small lamp, and led the ay, following this passage for a great distance, onward and downward, till at length it opened into a small vaulted chamber, hung round with the skins of the lama, containing a bed of similar materials, and a stone table spread with a most delightful repast-the venison of the mountains, fish, maize-bread, and tropical fruits. The air was warm and pure; everything seemed suited to refreshment and repose. I was left here alone, with an injunction to use these comforts without reserve. I made a delicious meal, and then threw myself down to rest. I was in a frame for physical enjoyment, after the fearful fatigues and perils through which I had passed. For a while, my brain teemed with a whirl of strange emotions, predominant among which was a feeling of crushing and overwhelming wonder at the wild, incredible romance of my present adventure. But even this soon

yielded to physical exhaustion, and I slept. How many hours this slumber lasted. I cannot tell. When I woke, my recent guide, with four other Indians, dressed in a strange and barbaric but brilliant costume of furs, trimmed with gorgeous plumes and massive golden ornaments, were standing beside my bed. My soiled and travel-stained garments had been thoroughly renovated during my sleep, and were handed to me without a word. My toilet was soon completed, and I stood ready for further orders. Still in silence, my eyes were closely bandaged and 1 was led apparently through a labyrinth of winding and descending passages, a vast distance into the very heart of the mountain. At last the journey ceased. A low, rustling murmur, the scent of ascending human breaths, seemed to indicate that we were in the presence of a vast, waiting, expectant throng. I was gently seated, and the bandage was removed from my eyes.

I sat in a little gallery, raised a few feet above the level of a vast and dimly-lighted hall, and screened off from it by gorgeous curtains formed from the plumes of tropical birds, which left only a narrow loop-hole for my use. The floor of the hall was covered with a dense throng of human beings, every inch of standing room being occupled by the thousands of men and women who filled separate sides of the apartment. The single lamp that hung in the centre of the room, scarcely sent forth light enough to reveal its immense proportions, or to show the structure of its ceiling and walls. There was little of sound or motion in the throng; and while I looked on, the feeble light went out, and the very darkness of the pit was around me.

A few minutes passed in this manner. My heart was beating with suffocating strokes; a sense of dread, wonder, twe unutterable was fast crushing out all power of reason or percention. What fate awaited me is this world of subterrane night? Was I awake, or was I looking upon the wild phantasmagoria of a fevered dream?

Suddenly the light bazed forth again-broad dazzling, glorious. Fron some concealed cavity a brilliant stream of rais was projected upon an immense globe of burnished gold which stood upon a pedestal at one ent of the apartment, with numberless spike-like tays which covered the vast surface of the wal, and which, as a mirror, filled the whole hall with radiance. My youth's wildest visions grew din before this reality. Before me shone the great sun-god of ancient Peru! The whole wonderful temple stood revealed. The credibly rich in silver and gold, but poor in knowlwalls were literary plated with elaboratelywrought silver ornaments, amid which the great golden image flashes and scintillated like the and obsolete worship of the sun! It was an offer rising sun. A whole nation stood below, each at which a more enthusiastic man than I might with his hands stretcled toward it, and his head pause before accepting it. But while I sat and all the invited guests. Abraham took his seat

of priests in mystical robes.

Suddenly the great cavern rang with music. A thousand voices took up a recitative in the ancient Quichua tongue, which seemed to describe the former greatness of the Peruvian empire, before the hated Spaniard had done his terrible work; when the Children of the Sun dwelt in peace and harmony beneath the smile of their benignant God; when the valleys were filled with plenty, and the river-sands were of gold. But while this was in progress, there came a change in the countenance of the great image. A black and disastrous eclipse, a shadow of darkness, edged and tinted with blood, was slowly moving across the golden disk. The song changed in unison, and became a mournful wail, describing how the invader came, the altars were overthrown, the gentle Peruvians slaughtered and enslaved, and all things covered with ruin and desolation. Then the anthem was again changed to an agonized prayer, which sounded like a lost soul lifting a nopeless cry for mercy; and at last it sank away in a low, wailing sigh, and again all was darkness and silence.

Then came a deep, smothered, awful sound, like distant thunder, which shook the mountain to its base. Seven times was this repeated, and when the seventh reverberation filled the air, the whole throng gave a mighty shout, and there was a tremendous sound, like the clash and din of arms in battle; and then, almost instantaneously, the light once more appeared with tenfold brilliancy and splendor. The great image glowed like a mountain of fire, encircled with radiant rainbows. And right beneath the central stood Conchita Mendez. in robes crusted with gems, and there, with words, and songs, and solemn rites, was crowned and consecrated as Priestess of the Sun, and Queen of Peru!

I saw no more. Suddenly the bandage was again placed over my eyes, and I was led back to my former apartment. Here, a little later, I was rejoined by Conchita. She came sweeping into my presence in her joyal and sacerdotal robes, and, standing before me, spoke words like

"You have been witnessing the annual Festival of the Sun, in the great cave-temple of the Silver Mountain. You have seen nothing supernatural. Those effects of light and darkness were caused by mechanical appliances, and are a part of our egular ritual which has here been in operation for ages. Your historians tell you that sun-worship and the ancient Peruvian empire were utterly destroyed by the Spaniard. This is not true. In these inaccessible and unknown fastnesses the Sun-god has never been without priests and worshipers, nor Manco Capac without a reigning heir and obedient subjects. Come and see for your-

She raised a curtain, which uncovered a vaulted opening. We followed this for a short distance, when it suddenly opened into daylight, upon the vast front of an inaccessible precipice. Soft white clouds were floating far below us, but through rifted openings we could discern an Edenlike valley, fifteen thousand feet beneath, circled round by utterly impassable snow-peaks, and dotted with the homes of a numerous race. Only to the eastward a narrow cleft opened into the boundless, ocean-like selvas of the Amazon. Looking at this scene she went on:

"Our land was great and happy once; our people were gentle and good, and the Sun loved them. But they sinned and fell; they lifted up fratricidal hands against each other; therefore the Spaniard brought the curse. He slaughtered and enslaved our fathers; he destroyed our homes and polluted our temples; he bored our mountains into honeycomb for silver, and carried away the earth of our valleys for gold. But, in the commencement of the struggle, the children of the Incas and the treasures of the palace were removed to this stronghold, and all the means of communication were destroyed. The secret was well kept, though many died in cruel tortures for refusing to reveal it. And here, in this valley of freedom, where the Spaniard has never come, the germ of the ancient System and Faith has lived on and flourished.

An ancient prophecy foretold that seven great earthquakes should mark the term of our bondage. Six have already passed; the time of the seventh is at hand. When it comes we shall arm for deliverance. These great heart-throbs of the mountain occur at intervals of fifty years. When the eighth one comes we shall again be free and great.

My mother was the last survivor of the ancient royal line. It was deemed advisable that her children should be educated in the knowledge of the world's civilization. It is not necessary to describe all the means employed to serve this end; but they were successful; and I was born in the capital and trained up amid all the appliances of modern learning. I have traveled over Europe and America, studying the world's customs and systems of government. I have found your people far in advance of all others in enlightenment and freedom. In my acquaintance with you I have discovered in you a wisdom and power such as few men possess. You can help us; you can teach us the arts of war and of social life; you can influence your people in our behalf. Jam not my own; this great work is before me; love, peace, rest, have little weight in my destiny. You have told me that you love me. Is this regard strong enough to induce you to join me in this great work, to begin which we are only awaiting the war-blast of the earthquake?"

What a question was this! To leave home friends, civilization at my back, to wed this mountain princess, and to lead her bold tribe, inedge, numbers and resources, in a crusade against long established systems, in behalf of the ancient

pondered, I saw Conchita's eye final, and her bosom heave; all the blood of the Incas mantled her face as she said: "Ah, you pause! you HESI-TATE! That is enough; I am answered; farewell!" And before I could speak or remonstrate, she passed from my sight forever.

That same night I left the Silver Mountain. My guides bore with them a burden which I was enjoined not to examine till I should be far out on the ocean. In my solitary cabin on board the Panama steamer, I opened the casket to find myself rich in jewels and gold. Since then I have been watching and waiting for the denouement.

The signal of the seventh carthquake has sounded! Years will probably pass before the world hears of decisive results. But be sure that those wild mountaineers are gathering and preparing. Before this century passes away, the world will witness, among the Andes, an extraordinary upheaval and rejuvenescence of the semicivilizations of the past. So the New becomes old, and the Old, in the cyclical movements of time, again renews its youth.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS

"We think not that we daily see
About our hearths, angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
(Lzion Hunt.

(Original.) GREAT SUCCESS.

CHAPTER IV.

Squire Niles owned a fine farm on the turnpike road leading to Adams. He had a large, square house, with fine rooms; and his barn was quite a wonder in the country. He kept the best horses, and the fattest sheep, and the largest dairy of any man in the town. In his orchard grew the most luscious pearmains, and the yellowest pippins, and all the children in town knew that no such Pears were to be had as those on the large tree in his garden. It is no wonder, then, that the annual apple-bee at his house was looked forward

to by the young people with great delight. Mrs. Niles knew what good appetites were waiting her bread and pies, and the oven groaned with its load of light white leaves, and its pumpkin pies, and sweet apples.

Mary, the only daughter, was a brisk girl, and inderstood the ways of her mother, and could turn her hand at all sorts of work. She was allowed, by her father, to do very much as she pleased; but her mother thought it quite necessary to give her some wholesome discipline, that sho

might prove to be a worthy child. The day of the apple-paring was a rich autumn day. The yellow light was so summer-like, that it seemed indeed as if the cold winds and frost had repented of their sad work, and had wood the gentler breath back again, that would coax the buds into life, and make the few remaining leaves forget to fall.

Mrs. Niles had been educated a Quakeress, and adhered to the peculiar speech and habits of her youth; but her husband was a lover of the world and its pleasures, and Mary was like her father.

"Now, Mary, thee must be sure and dust the sideboard carefully, and then go to the chest and get out the large table-cloth, the one that I wove last year, and then count all those that thee exects, and take down the large plates, and--'

Mrs. Niles was interrupted in the rest of her ommands by the striking of the clock, which told her that it was just the minute to take out her pies. But Mary was too intent on thinking just who she did expect, to think of any other command of her mother's, and she began;

"Well, I expect Susan Sloan, and Jane Dean, if ner father'll let her come. I'm glad I aint a deacon's daughter."

"Hush, my child! thee should wish to be all that is good.

"And then," continued Mary, "I shall expect Phebe Stamp, and Sophia Taft, and John Smith, and Jacob Tinkerton-if his grandmother il let him come—and Abraham Foster, and---"

"Now, Mary, I trust thee has not asked him." "I'm sure I have; and father's glad, for he

"Thy father is very apt to think kindly of everybody," said Mrs. Niles.

"And why should n't he think kindly of Abraham? for everybody knows-

"Now, Mary, thee is very careless in thy speech; verybody does not know.

'Well, Abraham is asked; and papa says-"Mary, tend to thy work; a busy tongue can, only bring thee harm.'

But Mary thought how much Abraham had added to the pleasure of the party last year, and how much he had praised the golden pippins that she had rubbed until they shone like golden balls: so she ran again to the long shed and selected a basket full and began to polish them with a snowy towel. But her face had not the glad look that it had a little while before. Her mother's words had made the day look quite sombre. Canle it ha

that after all Abraham was a good-for-nothing

fellow, as some people said? In the village little work was done that day by the young people; there was hurrying to and fro, and preparation for the evening's pleasure. The meeting at Mrs. Tafts, resulted in the choice of John Smith to hire and drive the team, and Abraham's services were set aside. When he know this he resolved to remain at home, for he was sure he could not bear the distrust that this change from former years implied; but Squire Niles had called into Peter Hink's shop, and urged so earnestly that Ahraham, should go, that he at last de-

cided to join the party. When the large wagon went through the village, about four o'clock in the afternoon, it contained

quietly on one side of John Smith, who moved not an inch to accommodate him, and who turned his head, with a smile, to Jane Dean.

A very slight motion of the head, or a turn of the lip, can give a great deal of pleasure or pain. Abraham felt a flush rise to his cheek, but merry voices behind him, made him cease to be angry; for Sophia was full of her good-natured fun, and none could help joining in it.

The road wound up a steep hill; and as the shadows that the sinking sun cast fell across their path, Abraham thought of the shadows that seemed to come to his life.

"If I look down I see them," said he, to himself; "but let me look up, and there is the splender of the sky. I heard Uncle Isaac say that life was worth nothing without trouble; for if we had no trouble, we should never try to see how well we could do."

He was so absorbed in these thoughts that he did not notice that they were coming to the narrow bridge over the little brook. This was a safe. enough place with careful driving, but every one could see that John held a careless rein. Just as they were nearing the bridge, one of the horses gave a sudden jerk to the rein, and John, wishing to show his importance, raised his whip to strike a blow. Abraham seized his hand:

" For the sake of us all, do n't strike," said he. John, angry at any interference, snatched his hand from the grasp of Abraham, and brought a severe blow on the horse's back, saying:

'Tend to your own business; this is mine." The horse reared, plunged, whirled, and in a moment more the wagon would have been unset. for already the planks on the sides of the bridge yielded to the strain. Frightened beyond all power of helping to restrain the horses, John let the reins drop, and jumping to a safe place, ran as fast. as he could. As quick as thought Abraham seized the reins, gave a strong pull, with a firm word of command, and all were safe in an instant.

The party, a moment before too frightened to speak, now screamed, and laughed in quick succession. In a froment more all praised Abraham, and thanked him for their safety. John came slowly up as the wagon stopped for him. "I'm sure I would nt have jumped, only I

thought we were going to tip over," said he, in a drawling tone. "And so you meant we should all perish?" said

Sophia. "I'm sure, wedre much obliged." John went to his old place, and Abraham moved for him.

"No! no!" said they all, "we'll not bear that; one miss will do."

"I won't ride an inch if John drives," said Su-

"Nor I;" "nor I," added many voices, "It's only Abraham that's capable of driving."

So Abraham quietly kept the reins, gently restrained the horses, and carried them in safety to Squire Niles's side door. If Abraham had been a general in disgrace who suddenly achieved a great victory, and received the highest honors, he could not have been more satisfied than he was to see all eyes turned to him in trust and gratitude. As he helped the girls from the high wagon, So-

phia said: "You ought to be very glad that you come, forwe should all have been killed, perhaps, if you'd have stayed at home."

Abraham did feel a rich return for his determination not to yield to his pride and selfishness. ... When Squire Niles heard the account of the adventure, he turned quietly to John, and gave his upper lip a curl of contempt, and was about to speak, when he seemed to recollect what was due to him as his guest, and only said, "hum!" Turning to Abraham, lie said:

Give us your hand, boy. I know just how you did it. Have n't I managed that unruly beast before? Come, and I'll show you the finest creature in the county; and I'll give you a turn on him any day, if you'll come up here."

This was the greatest compliment that Squire Niles could bestow, and this they all knew; and Abraham was looked upon as quite a hero, by most of the company.

Mary, in the meantline, having received an account, of the narrow escape, and Abraham's ready courage, ran into the long kitchen to tell her moth er, who listened without any signs of emotion, and only replied:

I tell thee, my child, to be very careful how thee judges of what thee didst not see.

" But, mother---'

"I think thee had best attend to thy guests." Mary went with a slow step from the kitchen into the long shed, and looked out to the sunset. The golden light shone between the hills, and the evening star gleamed in its beauty, Mary thought, like a loving eye. She wondered why everything was not as fair, and clear, and full of love, as the sky; and why people did not love everybody just as the sky seemed to, and shed upon them some tenderness and care.

Abraham soon found that two parties had sprung up-one anxious to make him feel at ease, and by their kindness, to show respect to him and the course he had taken. The other determined to make him uncomfortable, and to show him that they felt very far superior to a boy who could learn the shoemaker's trade in the humble shon of Peter Hink. Various feelings governed him. Sometimes he felt the angry blood rise to his checks; and then he felt calm in the knowledge that he had done the very best that he knew how to do. Again he said to himself:

"To succeed, is to try. I will try to make my way to something as noble as Uncle Isaac wished to find for me."

He had been out to the barn to attend to the horses, John having given up all care of them, and he came past the shed door where Mary stood watching the evening stars. She was so intent on her thoughts that she did not notice him, or thought it was one of her father's workmen. Abraham looked at her face so full of goodness, and was sure she would have some kind word for him, but as he passed, and she did not speak to him or even look toward him, he felt sure that she purposely slighted him. His high resolves forsook him, he felt ashamed of what he had done; he was vexed at the destiny that took from him the easy path to a noble position; he wished himself anything but a shoe-makers apprentice. In this mood he went into the house where already the basket of apples were being placed at convenient parts of the kitchen, and companies were forming about each. He longed to go among the merriest; but in this mood he would not, and seated himself beside some grave lads who commenced their work as if it was a solemn duty. He heard the merry hum of the voices as if he was in a dream, and in a waking dream he was, for he was thinking about the miserable shop of Peter, and the miserable life he was to lead there. Mary had entered, and warned by her mother sat down quietly among the now busy workers.

"They do say," said Cerinda Potham; with precisely her father's tone, "that it was very strange, but then murder always will out, and I should n't

wonder if--" "If what?" said Jane.

Well, I guess I won't tell; you know it isn't always best to tell all of a knows."

"A good many people do tell all they know," said Sophia, Well, if folks take caps," said Cerinda, " you

know that it's natural to suppose that-

"That what?," asked Jane again. "Well, I guess I wont tell; but you know, continued Cerinda, "that Mr. Stamp-well, they do say that Mr. Stamp has missed ever and over so many things, and anybody knows who 's 'round Mr. Stamp's."

"I guess they do," added John, who had been moving his sent nearer and nearer as the conversation went on; "and I guess folks know who has caps, and I think its pretty likely that Mr. Hink will know where his shoe-leather goes to," Jane turned to John and whispered

"A folly old cobbler was he. He mended a boot and he mended a shoe, And for want of semething better to do He sewed up his fingers three."

Here they laughed so loud and so long, that half the company joined, not knowing what the laugh was about, Mary joining with the rest, supposing was some real fun that needed her polite atten-

Abraham who had been quietly at work was aroused by some remark of the dull boys beside him, and once aroused he was keenly alive to all that passed. He heard enough of the conversation to know that he was the subject of it, and that there was some doubt of his honesty. "By all that is good," he thought, "they shall repent

But how make them? If he asserted his innocence no one would believe him the more. It seemed to him that they all doubted him. He was sure that many joined in the laugh, and among them Mary. As he sat there, cutting with great care-and precision the snowy apples into quarters, he felt rising in his breast a noble resolve. 'I'll prove myself honest and true," said he, "I'll live down their false assertions. I can do it, and I will. I am appearing to be ashamed of something now; I'll join the company, and show myself an honest boy." With this determination he rose and quickly joined the merry group where sat his associates. If he could have seen the quick smile that passed over Mary's face, and the kindly look from the eye of Sophia, and the goodnatured nod of Susan, he would have felt strong in his resolve; but he saw only John's nudge at Jane's elbow, and he heard only

"Mum's the word," from Cerinda Potham. In few moments however, the merry talk and laugh and the proposal for a game at "who'll beat," made him quite at ease. He was about changing his sent to the side where Mary quietly turned her knife, while her eye gleamed with real pleasure. When Mrs. Niles who had been watching the group ever since Abraham took his seat there, whispered in Mary's ear, "Thee had better come into the other room and see if everything is

Abraham had not noticed Mrs. Niles, but seeing Mary move away, he felt sure that it was from distrust of him and dislike at being near him. But a noble resolve had entered his mind, and although all frowned upon him he was calm.

Squire Niles was a man so kindly in his nature that he gave all his efforts at making his house seem like a beautiful resting-place on the wearisome journey of life. He seemed to think that it was his duty to remind people of the millennium and the Kingdom of Heaven by very substantial comfort here below. Therefore he served his supper like a loving father, and when all were well satisfied he took down his fiddle and struck up a lively tune, saying: "Come, boys, now for the one you love the best!" and in a few moments the rafters of the long kitchen were vibrating to the motion of joyous feet. Mrs. Niles protested, as she had often done before, but her husband silenced her by saying: "Oh, young folks must have a good time; we shall never be young again; let those that are enjoy all they can; trouble comes with gray hairs and weariness of the flesh."

Abraham could now join in the amusements of the evening without sadness, for he looked forward to a course of noble effort, and within himself for an assurance of the true and good. Jane Dean and John Smith whispered together, and any one could hear: "What presumption! what assurance! did you ever? I think I'd not hold my head so high!" but the evening wore on without further unpleasant feeling and Abrahaîn drove the party home in safety.

[To be continued.]

MY NEIGHBORS IN THE COUNTRY.

NUMBER ONE.

Away from the noise and dust of the city, away rom all my busy neighbors, the chirping canary, the waving Ailantus, the crying boy, the sweet singers, the disconsolate man and the little plant the steamboat and the car and the coach carried me far into the beautiful country, among the silent, everlasting hills, close by the quiet, homelike meadows, near the friendly forests, and into a great deal of beauty and peace. What neighbors could I find there? Some dear, familiar faces no doubt, but what friendly voices would speak words to me that I should find it pleasant to repeat? Thus I thought on the heautiful fourney as I remembered all my city acquaintances.

How pleasant it was to step on the green grass and run down to the little bushes beside the stone | She passed upon her mission, and the soldiers wall! And here, the very first hour, I found I had a most friendly neighbor. Whether she Each questioning as they saw her, "What does thought I would be lonely I did not know, but she commenced such a busy talking that I was quite delighted. She fluttered her gray wings and kept just a little way from me as if coaxing me toward something more beautiful, and ail the time she kept chattering and calling, sometimes imitating other birds, and sometimes screaming like the cat, for which she is named. But I found very quickly that she was only enticing me away from a nest that was cosily resting among the branches of a little plum copse.

A very cunning fellow is this bird, called the American mocking-bird, and I hope you are all For where'er a wounded soldier on the field of acquainted with it, for there is no end to the fun you will have with it. It will play all manner of pranks on you just as if it wanted to cheat you. Sometimes it will sing like a thrush, then like a robin, and then pause and give a most deleful cry. Sometimes you feel quite sure that a beautiful singer from the forest has come to your door; When his fearful thirst was slackened, she would but if you search for it, there is the little graycoated fellow stretching his throat in imitation of some note it had heard. It seems as if it was trying to tell you how very finely the birds sung down in the woods, and because you did not wish to go there just then, it would bring all it could of the melody to your very door.

Very glad was I for a sight of the dear, little, motherly creature, and she seemed to be saying to me: "Come now, you just let my little ones alone and I'll tell you the prettiest story you ever heard. I'll tell you about the wood-anemones first: They blossomed just as lovely as ever last spring, so you may be sure there is a dear Father To the valley where their camp fires sent forth a who cares for the lilles of the field and for woodanemones. Now, don't go near my nest. How Then flitting like a shadow is the misty morning would you like to have your little one touched by

hands that did not know what it needed. There now, dome this way, and I'll tell you about the beautiful hemlocks and how they kept their freshness all through the cold storms of winter just to prove to you how good a little trouble is, if one only makes the best of it. Why, I know a hemlock tree that got beaten again and again by the cruel winds, and bent down by snow and ice until it seemed as if its branches must break; but it yielded itself more and more, as if saying: 'it will soon be over; I'll bear a little while longer; and, if you'll believe me, it's a splendid tree now, with not a single broken branch. But, dear mel I do wish you'd come a little further from my nest! if you will I will tell you about the snowy waterlilles that float on the pond: They bring all their beauty and whiteness up from the black mud, Only think of it! Don't that show you what you can do? There's nothing so very, very bad but the loving Father has put some beauty in it that will blossom out by and by. There now, I am very much obliged to you for coming so far away from my nest and my dear little ones, for, you must know, their feathers are just beginning to grow and I feel very, very anxious about them."

Do you think it strange that I could hear such a long story from my new neighbor? You just go out some day and listen to one awhile, and thence begin thinking of a great many good and beautiful things, and then imagine what it tries to tell you. Are you not very glad I have so delightful a neighbor in the place of the fretty boy?

Written for the Banner of Light. DE VERE.

BY BELLE BUSH. PART FOUR.

Still sounded, and brought back the answering

Voices of Earth and the Answer of Angels, As died the tones of that despairing cry, My heart yearned once again to make reply, Yet through its echoing cells that inournful "Why"

sigh, And a voice said to me, " Not yet, not yet; Thou canst not give a fitting answer yet . To the sad hearts that weep in fond regret O'er the loved ones whose sun to them has set: Upon too low a key thy songs are set. But list awhile; like waves upon the beach, Simil come to thee the sounds of human speech. Oh, heed their voice, and thou shalt learn ere long How Sorrow's tone will change to Joy's sweet

Through sighs and groans, and tears of wild regret, Thou yet shalt see, when all its pearls are set, Faith's crystal towers arise o'er walls of jet." These words, breathed in a voice full, deep and

Like music waves came throbbing to my ear. I looked to find their source. I stood alone; The one who uttered them unseen had gone, Or, if remaining still, was all concealed, Or wore a form to mortals unrevealed, I heard no more the voice of lofty cheer Waking sweet echoes in our atmosphere; There rose, instead, a wail of woe, so deep That all the air about me seemed to weep, And sob, and groan, as if it could not keep The burden of its grief. So deep, so wild. Was the heart-cry of Sorrow's saddest child. That every fitful sob or sigh that came From the crushed soul, seemed like a furnace flame That poured a moulten flood adown my lyre, And touched it with Compassion's whit'ning fire. I listened to the plaint, and then, ah then, For the first time, a spiritual ken Seemed given to me, by which all haunts of men Were clearly seen. Through cities, towns and street.

Where'er the human life-tides part and meet, I ranged at will, and saw all that is seen By those who make the solemn night a screen To hide the deeds they'd blush to own by day. I saw in every house what shadows play; I heard each heart-chord's melancholy lay; But oh! the saddest, deepest strains that rose, From all the dreary scenes of human woes That greeted me amid the abodes of men, Came from a lone, heart-broken Magdalen; Yet was there mingled with it trust in God And meek submission to his withering rod, And calm forgiveness, even love for those Whose wrongs had brimmed her life-cup with deen woes.

The tale. I 'm sure, is true, though there are none To prove it so, both actors being gone: Yet 't was not told to me by any one, Nor read in any book beneath the sun. But it did come to me, as rivers run Toward the ocean, or as thoughts are born. And things are seen that happened ere our morn. Oh, blackest strand by cruel Parcæ spun, 'Tis thus the story of her life begun:

THE ANGEL OF THE BATTLE-FIELD. In one of our late battles, amid the leaden storm, And where the strife raged flercest, was seen a woman's form, That came and went with fleetness throughout our

falling ranks, Where the shot and shell were flying, from the centre to the flanks.

With a high and lofty bearing, with a firm and haughty tread. As if fearless of the danger as those already dead.

gave her way, Mary here to-day?"

She spoke no word to any, but the little cup she bore, And the canteen on her shoulder, with the tunic that she wore,

Showed that she was on duty, and ready to perform A part in the dread drama, that awful battlestorm.

And she did it without finching, she did it bravely, well.

carnage fell, There was she seen to linger, with a look of mild command. Giving water to him freely from the cup within

her hand.

leave him and pass of, To bless some other hero whose work was almost done.

For three days in succession, mid the fearful battle-storm, Bearing comfort to the dying, was seen this woman's form;

Yet those who saw and knew her read not the purpose high That nerved her heart to duty, and made her dare to die: They had often seen her coming along the winding

way steady ray,

gray.

And they judged her with a judge not here gainsay,
As a being lost to pity, "a woman gone as Some said they'd seen her speaking to the Colonel in command. his hand.

And knew he gave her answer by the pressure of

And, judged by these slight tokens, they deemed that they might jest Of one whose life's dark secret was hidden in her

hrenst-Whom they only knew as Mary, or as the Colo nel's guest;

So they made of her the object of many a jibe and jest.

Though the majesty of womanhood shone on her regal brow, And she looked like one to worship in the home where princes bow;

Though her cheeks were like the roses when they first begin to blow, And her dark eyes blazed like diamonds, with a warm and steady glow;

Though her hair lay on her bosom with a rippling overflow, While through its waving tresses shone a neck of

purest snowshe, with her peerless beauty, and the soullight looking through,

Was deemed fit theme for jesting, for the men had judged her so, And the world looked on approving, while her sisters called her "low."

Yet for three days in succession, amid a leaden storm, Where the battle raged the flercest was seen this

woman's form: And many a lip she moistened, and many an eye-

lid closed, And all she left still living on softer beds reposed For some she made a pillow of the garments cast

aside, And for others staunched the flowing of their life's mysterious tide.

Thus passed she on, dispensing to all who needed care. The blessings of a sister with a mild but queenly air,

Till the soldiers who had jested and jeered at her before. Learned to look to her for comfort, and curled the

lip no more. On the third day of the battle, when a gallant Colonel fell, Killed, as 't was reported, by the bursting of a

shell. Close by his side, and fainting from a bleeding, ghastly wound,

fearless woman found. In grief the soldiers bore her to their camp-ground

in the rear. Spread a tent to give her shelter, and gently laid her there;

Then returned to do their duty in the flerce and deadly fray, That lasted till the evening-till the evening dull

and gray; Then those who, living, sought her, found she'd flitted far away.

None knew where she had wandered, alone, as she had come; Her noble mission ended, alone she flitted home; And though many a grateful soldier, who from the

battle came, Sought with willing feet to find her, breathing blessings on the name

Of the brave and dauntless Mary, who was deemed a thing of shame; Yet none of them e'er found her, for she never came again

To their camp-fires in the evening, or to the battle-plain. So they thought, and it was rumored through the ranks, that she was dead,

And each soldier, at the hearing, bowed in reverence his head. And some prayed that as she flitted to the shad-

owy land above, She might meet the gallant Colonel, who they knew had won her love;

But none spoke of her with jesting, or in lightness brenthed her name. For 't was sacred in their memories, though she was a thing of shame-

One whom the world had hunted and driven in scorn away From every path of virtue where she sought to make her way-

Whom it frowned upon with coldness, as a "woman gone astray." But she was not dead, as rumored; she lived to

wander home. Where a fair young child was watching in tears to see her come.

Where many stately churches in costly grandeur Within a lonely chamber, where all was dark and

rude, With scarce a ray of sunlight to cheer her solitude.

In fever wildly tossing upon a couch she lay; And thus the pitying angels in sorrow heard her

" prav. And thus to me was given the strangely mournful lay, The drama, dark and fearful, of "a woman gone

astray." THE MAGDALEN'S PRAYER. Oh God! oh God! if one so vile as I. May dare to waft to heaven a prayerful sigh, Hear me, in mercy hear my humble cry-Oh, speed the wings of Death, and let me die,

I am weary, oh how weary, Of a way so dark and dreary! Take, oh take me from the mortal, From the dismal, dreary portal, Of a life that's only mortal; Bear me to the shores immortal; Nothing is there here but sadness, Nought endures but grief and sadness, Joy is but a cheating madness, And the very name of gladness Casts a shadow on my soul— Casts a spell upon my soul— Dark and stern in its control, Till the griefs that I inherit, All the grief that haunts my spirit, Black and baneful seem to grow, Like the very gulf of woe. Nought in death can be so dreary, Nothing in the grave so dreary As the paths on earth we tread, Calm and peaceful are the dead, Thorns beneath my feet are spread; "Dust to dust," of them is said— Only shame of me is said, Grief and shame to me are wed.

T would be better were I dead Oh, then, God of all Segenth; Take from me this mortal breath Open wide the gates of death

hear the moan of waters rushing by; They sing to me of peace and liberty; Is it thy ocean, oh Eternity? And am I drifting, drifting out to sea? Thank God for death, that soon will set me free!. I do not fear thee, Death; Thy cold and icy breath Would be a welcome, welcome guest to me! I pine, I pine for rest. Yet sorrow still keeps tugging at my breast-Will it be still when I am gone to rest? Oh God! I know not; yet it must ! it must ! Leave all earth's marl-pits, and the cankering rust

Grief cannot torture the unconscious dust; And the soul's loftler powers of hope and trust, That in our youth of innocence and love Reveal to us heaven's stars that gleam above, When free again must rise from out the dust, That dims their brightness here, for God is just-Not man on earth, but God in heaven is just. Death may not bring forgetfulness of wrong, Or change the burden of our mournful song To one of joy; but yet, e'en yet, I long. With a deep passion, fervent and yet strong, To greet its shades, and flee earth's dreary scene, I need not fear thee, Death, though stern of mien, For all the hells of anguish I have seen. Since in the world twice orphaned I have been; At first, of parents in my early youth; And then by man, of virtue, love and truth. What else, oh God! what else could work me ruth, Or bring me deeper woe? Not thou, oh Denth! Thou It only take from me this mortal breath, Thou 'It only give to me an icy wreath, And still the heart-throbs of a cruel grief, That slakes me now as tempests shake a leaf, And bear it down to lay it in the dust-Just like a fallen leaf, low in the dust Of shame and degradation now I lie, And others, seeing me, pass coldly by, Or curl the lip in scorn; but oh, the sky-The pure and holy sky-looks calmly down. And wears a smile beneath her jeweled crown, That seems to say to me, "Oh, weary child, Come home to rest thee from thy wanderings wild." And then between me and the radiant wall, Whereon walk shining hosts, that seem to call And beckon me away, I see let fall A ladder made of star-beams, golden bright, And one thereon, arrayed in spotless white, Descending with calm majesty of mien, And pointing upward to that blissful scene. A light is in his eyes, so pure, serene, And yet so mild, I do not have to screen My own from his, for in their tender flame I read compassion for my life of shame. No hatred, or reproach, or withering scorn, That nip the buds of penitence ere born, Flows from his quivering lips, that only move To show the depth of his all-pitying love. In accents full of tenderness he speaks, And every word upon my sad heart breaks In rippling music, sweet as was the lore Sung by the streams that by my father's door

ith her hands in his clasped tightly, was this Went warbling in the happy time of youth, Ere I had lost thy pearl-light, holy Truth. He says to me-oh God! can it be true?-He says in tones of love, "I come for you! Sister, look up, and every fear subdue, And mid thy darkness light shall struggle through. For weary years thou hast been tempest-tost, And cast about upon a desert coast; Fierce wintry winds have howled above thy head; Sharp thorns beneath thy feet have oft been spread. Ah! helpless wanderer on a cold, bleak coast, I wonder not that sometimes thou hast lost Thy way in darkness, lost the friendly chart That would have guided, without pain or smart, Thy feet into the pleasant paths of peace, And bidden e'en the tempest's wrath to cease, Or found thee shelter from its rude alarms, Safe in the all-protecting Father's arms. But who shall blame thee that thou couldst not see What men had hidden—the gates of Purity? They walled them in with scorn and poverty, hen hissed at thee with adder tongues of hate, Because thou couldst not find the pearly gate. Now let them scoff at thee; let women jeer, And cry 'for shame!' when such as thou art near; But fear them not; thy Father calls his child: 'Come home, to rest thee from thy wanderings wild; Come home, where angel hands already wait To heal the heart-wounds of thy hapless fate, And lead thee up to Purity's high gate, Where all are welcome, come they soon or late." Thus says the radiant being who descends The starry ladder every night, and bends On me his tender and protecting gaze. Then glides away as come the morning rays. What can it mean? To-night he spoke more plain, And all his words came leaping through my brain, And gave it rest, and stilled its throbbing pain. As rays of light that from the solar flame, here Flowing in floods through all the earthly frame, Reveal the beauty of the sea and skies, And paint the landscape with a thousand dyes, In one of the fairest cities of our fair and loyely So to my soul these words all radiant seem, And, flowing round me in a lambent stream, Is a soft atmosphere of love serene, Through which I look as through a shining screen, And see, far off, as in a blissful dream; A land whose skies and golden mountains gleam With a pure light; an opalescent ray, Steady and soft, and ne'er to fade away-Such as we dream makes heaven's eternal day. Is this a dream-a phantom of the night-That only comes to mock my mortal sight With visions of the joys that I have lost, Because I lost my way on Grief's black coast, ... And was assailed by storms, and tempest-tossed, Till in one shipwreck all my hopes were lost? I'll not believe it; things that seem so real, Though coming to us from the realms ideal, Must have some meaning in them, I will trust, ... And I will pray, though in the very dust Of shame and degradation low I lie,

I still will lift to heaven my humble cry, And I will say, whatever goal be won, "Father in heaven, thy will with me be done!" Tis a most holy prayer; I love it well; and have O'er all my soul it weaves a potent spell, i'l' Waking the music of sweet Memory's bell; And bringing back to me a mother's kiss, A father's smile, and all the hours of bliss I knew when nightly, by my mother's knee, I knelt to lisp the words she taught to me. Oh, would that when I left their humble door, I had borne with me to the world's bleak moor That legacy of love, and said it o'er, the said it o'er, When others have in mockery, called me poor, Or with reproaches drove me from their door;

I should have kept my pearl-lamp, wirtue, pure. gravies grave so [To be continued,] and matter the all picularion Hope is the best medicine, and fortunately it is !

Then would I have been stronger to endure.

And treading the paths of toll with footsteps sure,

in the power of every doctor to dispense it Nothing will ever be attempted, if all possible objections must first be overcome.

SIXTH ANNUAL FESTIVAL

OF THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY. Mold at St. Charles, Ill., July 1 and 2, 1665.

[Reported for the Banner of Light by H. A. Jones.]

The Festival was called to order by S. H. Todd, Esq., Vice President of the Society. The following officers were elected, viz:

Hon. S. S. Jones, President.

S. H. Todd, Esq., Mrs. C. Bowen, and Mrs. M. J. Fuller, Vice Presidents.

H. A. Jones, Esq., Secretary, and Lois Waisbrooker, Assistant Secretary. President Jones on taking the chair, said:

President Jones on taking the chair, said:

Ladies and Gentlemen, Brethren—In accordance with the call of the Religio-Philosophical Society, located at this place, you have assembled from various parts of the Great North-West to participate in the intellectual, moral and spiritual exercises of the Sixth Annual Festival of this Society—a Society that was organized upon the broadest basis of the recognition of individual rights, of the freedom of thought, and the sovereignty of each human being to think, to speak and to act up to the highest light beaming into their immost souls, without molestation or censure, so long as they do no violence to the rights of others.

This Society was the first to establish this Broad and Free Platform, and publish to the world.

and Free Platform, and publish it to the world. A little more than five years have clapsed, and now hundreds of other societies have been organized upon the same broad and free platform, under the same broad and free platform, under the same street.

ized upon the same broad and free platform, under the same articles of incorporation, many under the same name, and all the same staunch advocates and friends of human progress.

While recognizing the fact that man by nature is a religious being, we feel that a phase of religion that will not stand the test of philosophy, science and enlightened reason, is unworthy of the free-horn minds of the last half of the nineteenth century. Holding that we are all children of a common Parent, who, through the kind care of Mother Naturé, and the instrumentality of angelic messengers, ever holds the lowest, or least developed, as well as the highest of his children in his loving embrace, and provides impartially for their every want, and is continually bringing them to appreciate his unfailing love for all, therefore, it is our duty to receive all who desire to fore it is our duty to receive all who desire to unite with us, each individual alone being responsible for views entertained or uttered, or acts ap-proved or performed, and for these reasons, no charges or complaints against members should ever be entertained, nor should members ever be suspended or expelled from membership. That as all things in nature are subject to change, and what appears to be truth and right to-day, may appear otherwise to-morrow, for these reasons, any person becoming a member of this society is, should be; at liberty, at any time, to withdraw therefrom.

That man is a progressive being, and at all times acts in accordance with the internal forces of his own being and external surroundings, thereof his own being and external surroundings, therefore it becomes the duty of every brother and sister to extend the hand of charity to all, and use
their utmost endeavors to unfold the higher faculties, and enlighten the mind of humanity, and especially of the erring, downtrodden and oppressed.

That as the most highly developed inhabitants of
earth are intermediate between those angelic beince of expended and expended intellects who

ings of expanded and sweeping intellects who have long since passed from earth, and now inhabit the Summer-Land of the Higher Life, and the lower races of humanity, who occupy the rudimental planes of this sphere of existence and the angelic, tender their kindest offices to us, for our unfoldment in health, comfort, wisdom and hap-piness, so it is our duty to extend like loving care to our brethren and sisters, of every grade of life, for their unfoldment in health, comfort, wisdom and happiness.

That to err is human, and that "no man liveth, and sinneth not," therefore it is the duty of man to encourage his fellow-man in well doing, and to chide and judge not, as all in turn need encouragement, and not censure and reproach. Resting upon and acting up to these few fundamental principles, we believe we present a spectacle worthy the admiration of all philanthropists throughout the world, and the approval of the angelic hosts of the higher spheres of the summer-land.

The inauguration of these principles, as a basis

of action, was the foreshadowing of a new era in the earth. Violent has been the opposition of timid souls who could conceive of no higher principles for Spiritualists to be governed by than the revamping of some old sectarian formula. But the true philosopher and clear thinker has boldly said, Give us a system of religion that will stand the test of science, or none at all. Let individual rights, in matters of faith, be deemed sacred; and let no body of men and women presume to pre-scribe articles of faith for individuals.

Let all who can conscientiously unite in the great work of human emancipation and elevation, do so at pleasure; and with equal freedom with-draw from fellowship whenever it may become

their pleasure so to do.

These principles have but to be presented to the free-born soul who is divested of all secturian transmels, to be appreciated and loved. They are such as meet the approval of the angelic hosts, and such principles as are taught to earth's children on their entrance into the spirit-world. These principles soften the human heart, and elevate all

in the scale of humanity.

There is a natural repugnance in the minds of reformers, to all forms of organization, or rather a timidity that causes us to hesitate, and prefer no form of organization, for fear that any form that may be presented may partake of old Church formulas, so far as to, in some degree, impose burdens and restrictions upon the rights of indi-

This is a wise caution. No one dreads—sy, utterly abhors all such burthens and restrictions more than your speaker. The articles of organization—which constitute the basis of this organi action—which constitute the basis of this organization—have wisely guarded against any power in the Society, in any particular, to ever infringe upon the individual rights of its members, either in faith or otherwise. It is these features that have induced so many Spiritualists in the different parts of the country to adopt and organize under them. It is a combination of individuals for the purpose of inaugurating and conducting facilities. purpose of inaugurating and conducting facilities for intellectual, moral, social and spiritual growth upon philosophical and scientific principles, thus giving a basis of character that shall leave our regious nature to unfold entirely free from all sectarian influences. A spontaneous outgrowth of man's religious nature, untrammeled by preconceived opinions of bigots, or the blind credulity of over-zealous adherents to theological systems of faith. We present a broad and free platform to the world, and invite all classes and phases of faith to come on to it and compare notes, knowing that truth is mighty, and will stand the closest scruting

scrutiny.
Upon our broad and free platform all reforms, opon our broad and tree platform all reforms, all systems of faith, all that is calculated for man's unfoldment in truth and goodness, has a fair and full hearing; and the devotees of any and all systems are entitled to a fair and caudid hearing, without censure or reproach.

Never was there a time in the world's history, when such a free platform was so loudly called.

Never was there a time in the world's history, when such a free platform was so loudly called for as at the present time. The first nation in general intelligence on the face of the globe has just passed through the trying struggle which has demonstrated that man is capable of self-government. The founders of this Republic, by divine inspiration, proclaimed that great truth, but it has ever been denied by the aristocrats, of the old world, and in practice by the same class at home. What has been demonstrated, in the terrible struggle our beloved country has just passed through, must now be carried into actual practice: and it what has been demonstrated, in the terrible struggle our beloved country has just passed through, a must now be carried into actual practice; and it becomes all reformers to unite their energies in diffusing light and knowledge among the masses, and see to it that all are protected in their individual rights—in the reconstruction of the noble fabric founded by our fathers, and now reëstablished and purified by the blood of our sons. "In union there is strength." Let us reformers of every grade and phase of faith unite with the angelic hosts of the higher spheres, and do our whole duty at this critical hour. Let us present a broad and free platform that shall hold sacred, and dispense to each and every buinan being the same rights and privileges claimed by ourselves. Let us bear aloft the standard of equal rights for all. Let us disseminate light and knowledge throughout the world. Let us extend, the hand of, charity to the downfallen and oppressed eyery where, and let our motte be, "The unfoldment and elevation of human character now and forever."

E. V. Wilson took the floor, and spoke of the spread of Spiritualism in the South, and the openings there presented for speakers, but remarking, "they would find it a hard road to travel."

In Conference, he was followed by Dr. Morrison, of McHenry, Ill. He spoke of the infinite powers of wrongers and the human soul with some per-

of progression of the human soul, with some personal remarks, to the effect that he was now be-

fore the public as a speaker, &c. He was followed by Lois Waisbrooker, who alluded to the difference it makes in public estima-tion, whether a Spiritualist run away with another man's wife, and should a Methodist or Baptist do

Mrs. Teft, of Elgin, Ill., gave some touching per-sonal experiences and her progress in our faith. Mr. Dayton, of Huntly, then took the floor, who said, "What if the world does misrepresent us— what of it? I have seen both sides of society: the bligh and the low; and in the next world have I clairvoyantly seen the lowly poor become guardians to the higher class. Little do we know for what we are being prepared in the world beward." yond.

Conference adjourned till 3 o'clock P. M. Then opening in Conference.

opening in Conference.

Dr. Goonley called attention to one of the various phases of Spiritualism, namely, that of healing persons at a distance, relating several remarkable instances of this power in his own experiences; and said, further, that his power was greater in some localities than in others. At one locality, Tyrone, Penn., he had this power to a wonderful extent; also, at Hannibal, Mo.

Rev. J. O. Barrett, of Eau Claire, Wis., took the floor, and spoke on the Reconstruction of the Church, saying that there were certain phases of Spiritualism with which he was in sympathy, and certain others with which he was not; that he looked upon Spiritualism as a disintegrating power.

ed upon Spiritualism as a disintegrating power, but that he thought the time had come when all reformers of whatever name could act together; that we needed a grand Eclectic Church, so to speak. That he had been writing to many reformatory speakers to engage them in the same enterprise, and that they proposed to hold a Convention at Beaver Dam, Wis., the 18th of July, and that he wished Spiritualism to be represented.

and that he wished Spiritualism to be represented there, as well as Universalism, Unitarianism, Swedenborgians, and all other liberal elements.

E. V. Wilson then spoke, favoring disintegration until all superstitious veneration for the past was broken down, and people could look upon the Bible as upon any other book; declaring himself still an iconoclast, and that there was work still for the tempoletate do

for the iconoclast to do.

Dr. Morrison said that geology proved that dis-Dr. Morrison said that geology proved that disintegration and organization go on hand in hand.
He was followed by Mrs. Parker, who spoke in
favor of the Elective Franchise for Woman, as
the foundation of all future guarantees of rights,
and alluded to the fact that the tyrannical Government of Austria had been before Republican
America in the granting of this right to women.
Mrs. Parker was followed by Dr. Underhill,
who said "I am glad to see you all." See talking

mrs. Farker was ionowed by Dr. Underhill, who said, "I am glad to see you all," &c., talking in his good, fatherly way for some minutes. Then speaking of the Doctrine of the Trinity, said, "There is nothing so absurd as this killing one God to satisfy the vengeance of another—and faling to do it then—and both Gods one at the same time."

He was followed by Mrs. Dr. Stillman, of Whitewater, Wis., who, in reply to Mrs. Parker, ridiculed the idea of women going to the polls in a fashionable dress; who, while she was in favor of woman's voting, claimed that the reform dress must be adopted as a precedent movement; that the must be adopted as a precedent movement; that the great demand of the age was health. "If women compress the chest so as to press out their very life, would they not vote, if fashion said so, for a very bad measure? If a man marries now-adays, he must marry a wife, doctor, apothecary's shop, and two or three Irish girls. Health affects the morals of a community. If a child is sick it soon is irritable, cross and unamiable. Religion should be practical enough to affect our every day life. As for me, I would not sacrifice one principal.

life. As for me, I would not sacrifice one principle to save any cause. A cause that dare not express its own principles is not worth saving."

Mr. Dayton said: "I am both for and against organization; I hold that liberality and illiberality cannot work together; and an organization that strives to combine the two would go to pieces

of itself." Lois Waisbrooker said—speaking of the reform dress, "I believe every individual should wear that dress that they feel most at home in. I have all the opposition which my spirit feels strong enough to hear." She continued her remarks at

some length, illustrating her idea.

E. V. Wilson spoke in opposition to organization. Dr. Morrison spoke in favor of organization for business and educational purposes, incorporating nothing in the form of a creed.

Dr. Underhill said the Quakers became a numerous people without any organization among them, even for business purposes. "I will tell you, friends, in a hundred years from now, with an organization, we will be a persecuting sect, but we will have done a thousand times more good than if we had not organized." Next, a recitation by Mrs. Coonley: "Wishing,"

Next, a recitation by Mrs. Coonley: "Wishing," by John G. Saxe.
Dr. Coonley asked: "Why should the Spiritualism of the past be venerated if the Spiritualism of to-day be ridiculed?" and further, that "man was an epitome of all things below him in the universe, and the question was how he should be developed so as to bring out only the higher qualities, and keep the lion and tiger in abeyance."
Harvey A. Jones, of Sycamore, Ill., spoke on organization, saying that the truths of Spiritualism could not be monopolized, and would, in time, be incorporated into the churches: and that if

be incorporated into the churches, and that, if we organized, it would only be as leaders; that we organized, it would only be as leaders; that this did not necessitate the dropping of any organization we had in the present, as the Religio-Philosophical Society or any similar organization."

He was followed by a recitation by Mrs. Coonley: "This world is worthy better men," by Gerald Massey.

The meeting was then adjourned till helf post

Massey.

The meeting was then adjourned till half past seven o'clock in the evening. The regular lecture of the evening was by E. V. Wilson who said: "As I was passing up the street I heard a lady say: 'He is one of these Spiritualists, and, let me tell you, I think it is all of the Devil!' Friends, I shall take this for my text, the Devil! Friends, I shall take this for my text, or rather the subject of Diabolism, or things devilish. Diabolism, in every age, has been the greatery to stifle free human effort. The same cry was raised against Daniel and all the wise men of old, and Christ's greatest works were said to be from the Devil. Bit when Christians came into power, under Constantine, lo! presto change! every thing that opposed Christ(anity was diabolism. thing that opposed Christianity was diabolism. The Church now became the greatest enemy of human progress. The Church it was who persecuted Galileo Now came Faust with his printing-press; it was diabolism; the Church were fordemolishing it. Again, when Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood, it was diabolism; and when Jenner introduced the principle of vaccination, the ignorant preacher said. My children, do not have anything to do with this cow-matter; it is from the Devill'" He went on to show in his own powerful manner, that every step of human own powerful manner, that every step of human progress had been met with this same cry of diabolism; and the good Book showed that the Devil circumvented God by getting the wholesale business of the world and leaving God the retail—taking ninety-nine souls and giving God the one hundred.

Adjourned till half past eight o'clock Sunday morning.

Adjourned till half past eight o'clock Sunday morning.

The Conference was opened Sunday morning by Ira Porter, Muskegan, Mich.

He was followed by Dr. Underhill; subject:

"Moonshine." The doctor remarked that "It is said people sleeping with moonshine falling on their eyes are subject to blindness and distortion. Now I love the moonshine; it is beautiful, but still it has no warmth, and I turn toward the sunshine for health and strength. Now, friends, the whole theological world is sleeping with the moonshine? Why, it is reflected light. And is not old theology all reflected light? and lights reflected from a sun whose rays fall so obliquely that it is like moonshine in winter. And still we are told that we must depend upon this moonshine for spiritnation is pouring its vivifying rays upon us. Talk of reflected inspiration as a dependence! Why, people would laugh should you talk of the bonefits of moonlight, after the sun had risen. The doctor then went on with practical illustrations in various ways.

Mrs. Parker then gave an essay on the "Utility of Spiritualism," olslming that we were all mediums in a certain sense, and that we should beware of manifesting the spirit of evil propensities

in every day life. Her essay abounded in useful hints, telling us." to recognize truth and humani-ty which had so long been crucified between the

common law and theology."

She was followed by Dr. Morrison, who commenced by saying that we had too much Religion and not enough common sense. The Dr. spoke at considerable length, beautifully illustrating the subject of spiritual development by examples of scientific truth and kindred subjects. Mrs. Dr. Stillman claimed that no great reason where of scientific truth and kindred subjects. Mrs. Dr. Stillman claimed that one great reason why we should strive for healthy conditions in this life is the fact that the spirit retains its diseased conditions even after entering the other life, that many persons are rendered diseased by such spirits throwing their diseased magnetism upon them, through the laws of sympathetic attraction; and the treatment that would be beneficial for such persons would be beneficial for the spirit, and that this is so whether you are what is called a medium or not. The same principle applies to the moral as well as the physical condition of the spirit. That the fashions of the day were a prothe moral as well as the physical condition of the spirit. That the fashions of the day were a prolific source of disease. That every muscle in a woman's body was constrained by her dress. That this was a National calamity, and of so much importance it should not be treated lightly. She said that one objection urged by those ignorant of facts, was, that questionable characters had sometimes worn this dress.

Recitation by Mrs. Coonley, "Barbara Frietchie," by J. G. Whittier, delivered with much pathos and power, and elicited much applause.

Next a trance lecture by Dr. Coonley. "The in-

Next a trance lecture by Dr. Coonley. "The inquiry for the last eighteen hundred years has been, what shall I do to be saved," to which the influence replied, from what we, as a people, ought to be saved. But space forbids extracts as

original Poem—"Our Coming Battle Fields," by Mrs. Harvey A. Jones.

The Convention was then adjourned till 11 P. M., by the President, who announced that there would be a marriage ceremony during the afternoon session of the Convention.

noon session of the Convention.

The Convention reopened at 21 o'clock P. M., by a spirited recitation by Mrs. Lois Waisbrooker, of one of Lizzie Doten's poems. Mrs. H. F. M. Brown of Chicago, took the stand, and in an address preparatory to the ceremony about to be performed, delivered a severe invective against the so-called, or false, marriages of the day; especially against the so-called or false, marriages of the day; especially against the severe invective against the s pecially against those parents who sell their daughters, or those who sell themselves for money, a home, or position of any kind; she spoke earn-estly in favor of true or soul-marriages; she says "keep courting, keep loving. No man should call himself a married man, who does not treat his wife as kindly as when he first married her." The marriage ceremony was in substance as follows: "Join your right hands. By the linking of hands we infer that your hearts are already linked, and you only ask a public recognition of

ever."
Mrs. Dr. Potts was the next speaker. She said "woman, not knowing herself, knows not how to seek the right qualities in a man necessary to make her a good husband." She gave a general dissertation on subjects of reform, and gave to-bacco and tobacco user's some special hard hits.
Mr. Porter said "I have been studying Spiritualism for the last eighteen years, and begin to have a desire to see our doctrines carried out." He went on to say that "human existence was edutional." and illustrated his views of practical and tional," and illustrated his views of practical and theoretical education combined, with considerable

Then followed a recitation by Mrs. Coonley—the Convention then adjourned till 6; o'clock, in

The Evening Conference opened with remarks

The Evening Conference opened with remarks by Father Underhill, which brought tears from many eyes. Lois Waisbrooker followed with an original poem, written years ago, on "Grey Heads with Young Hearts."

Dr. Morrison then spoke, followed by E. V. Wilson with the regular lecture on the subject of "God in the History of America"—and as he went on tracing out the finger-marks of the Almighty in the struggle of the last few years—I hardly know whether to call him a battle-axe in the hands of that God whose guidance he so clearly demonstrated in the Destiny of this Nation, or a Thunderbolt sent with the lightnings of Inspiration to demolish the strong holds of conservative error.

HARVEY A. JONES, Sec'y.

HARVEY A. JONES, Sec'y. LOIS WAISBROOKER, Ast. Sec'y.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MY SPIRIT-BRIDE.

BY J. BOMBER, JR.

My loved one's voice, I hear it still! s patnos ecnoes in my eai Like music of the greenwood's rill, From sight concealed, yet murmuring near! Onward that stream may lonely wend, 'Till lost in mead, in glen, or sea, Yet Echo may some tidings lend, As Love brings back her love to me!

My darling's smile beams sweetly yet-Ne'er shall I see its like again! Time cannot teach me to forget, No worldly smile its fondness wane! Ah! like pale Luna's liquid sheen, Its brightness cheers my way along Life's path, though strewn with cypress green, And bids my aching heart be strong!

Her spirit-form still lingers near! I feel her angel-presence now! Her loving sob and sigh I hear, As Memory wakes Love's whispered vow. We went together to the door Of our sweet home that is to be, But, knocking, she went in before, To put on marriage robes for me!"

I saw her brave the silent stream, That laves our home beyond the grave; I saw the waters round her gleam-In vain my arm was raised to save! A heavenly smile illumed her brow. For angels bright were by her side. And loving words she spoke, but oh! Her voice was lost in th' rushing tide!

In shady glen by Charon's stream, In beauty blooms a flower for me, Whose fragrance cheers my waking dreams, Like tidings sweet from o'er the sen! Truth's whispered words from Spirit-Land, Affection tells-" No ill betides The lily that so peerless stands-Thy loved, thy lost, thy Spirit-Bride!" I should not sigh nor shed the tear.

Since death was her own precious gain, And one more angel bright is near, To guide me o'er Life's stormy main! But being mortal, I am sad-I would be gay, if so I might-For the was all the joy I had, My life, my love, my heart's delight!

Whom love the gods, die young" in years! Too pure to dwell on sinful earth, They journey on to brighter spheres, Just as we learn to know their worth! My darling, safe on Spirit-Strand, From pain and sorrow ever free, An angel in an Angel-Land, Now loves, and prays, and waits for mel

Then hasten round thy wheels, O Time! And bring to me the welcome day, When I shall greet my Bride Divine, And Love shall sing his endless lay! Tis weary work to wait so long, Though true love knows not how to doubt; God's wisdom fashions seeming wrong, That we may find right meanings out," St. Albane, Vt., 1865.

Remarks of Dr. A. B. Child at the Spiritualists' Pienic in Abington.

Sacrifices are as lawful now as they were in the past. They are natural and incident to all earthly life. They must be; and if they are not given by man's willingness, they will be taken by spiritual

power.
In the order of nature the time has come for man to more distinctly recognize the power of the invisible over the visible world, and sacrifices are

Nature pulsates. Life ebbs and flows, comes forth, matures, and recedes again—blossoms, bears fruit and dies. Life is given, life is taken. Want and have, receive and give, make the respiration of man's spiritual life. Earthly want's inspiration; give is expiration.

man's spiritual life. Earthly want's inspiration; give is expiration.

The breathings of man spiritually are as involuntary as his breathings physically. Man has received, and he must give. All that he has received must be sacrificed, whether it be done willingly or unwillingly.

All that man has received in his earthly life is the git of the unseen world. Every blessing earthly is the git of the spiritual world.

It is the right of man to know the power, to recognize the hand that gives him all he has, that guides him, that leads him, that blesses him. It is ingratitude to turn away, to scoff and scorn upon our benefactors when they speak to us, though they are unseen.

The time is speedily coming when every one who has opposed, scorned, reviled and persecuted spiritual communion will be brought to the altar of sacrifice; will suffer sorrow, regret, affliction. It is in the ordinance of the natural world. Not in the sense of revenge, will afflictions come upon those who have warred against the intercourse between men and angels; but it will come as a damand of nature. It will be a hitter curber of the part of the server of the part of the botween men and angels; but it will come as a demand of nature. It will be a bitter cup, but a necessary remedy for the present sickly morals and religions of men. It is in the power of the spiritual world to make any poor man rich in one day—to make a well man sick in a moment of time, or make a sick man well—to take life as to continue make a sick man well—to take life or to continue it—to make woe in the human heart or joy and gladness there.

Compensation flows wherever matter runs. He who bats the lime of angels with earthly blows to stop their utterances shall get the blows, severely, on his own. But not in vengeance. He who strikes an angel by reviling, must be stricken stricken in the schooling for his manhood whereby alone he is made to learn to leave off striking.

It is futile for man to war with spirit—it is like
the war of shadows with sunshine—it is the sun
that makes them both. The sunlight turns the

shadow, but the shadow never turns the sun.

Imminent and immediate dangers to earthly prosperity hang over all opposition to spiritual communion. Mark well, and you will soon see that the destruction of property, of health, even physical linked, and you only ask a public recognition of the marriage already registered in heaven, and now by the authority vested in me by the laws of the State of Illinois, I pronounce you married. May wisdom, true love, and divine harmony be and abide with you to-day, tomorrow and former of things falsely against Spiritualism—against single goats areads beliefs not their own. Disassins, sects, creeds, beliefs not their own. Disasters on sea and land, fires, failures, accidents, diseases, and early deaths will fall thick and fast and heavy, to harrow the peace and happiness of every bosom that is persistently turned with opposition and bitterness against this holy influx that comes down from heaven to earth to tell us the uses of sin and sorrow; to tell us of the reali-ities of the world from whence man gets all his blessings; to tell him of the world from whence he came and whither he is going.

Is there one faithful and devoted Spiritualist who has not offered all the sacrifices of all earthly who has not offered all the sacrifices of all earthly glories, and suffered the earthly degradation and agony that a man must suffer to be a follower of Christ? How large are the sacrifices, voluntary and involuntary, that every true-Spiritual world? What terrible ordeals every well tried Spiritualist has passed through to wear out their doubting and unbelief—to learn to trust not in what is seen, but in what is unseen. Who has been a Spiritualist ten years without passing the ordeals of

unlist ten years without passing the ordeals of ten crucifixions?

It is the opposition of Spiritualists to the de-mands of spirits that makes their sorrows. It is war with what man calls evil that makes hell. war with what man calls evil that makes hell. Poor sufferers of stormy days, of stormy weeks and months and years are all that are in the school of Spiritualism, all who have given faithful attention to the pleading voices of the spiritual world. With aching hearts and aching heads, with sore feet and tired limbs they have gone on with sore feet and tired limbs they have gone on and on and on, hoping and doubting, against the tide of popularity, to hear the voice of God that speaks to man through angels. And "blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake," the sake of the voice of God made manifest through Christ in the past, and the voice of God made manifest now, again.

Ay, more than blessed are ye, for a new era is beginning; a new religion is coming; a new day

of morals is dawning; a new road for human pro-gress is making; it is the road that the toiling hands of Spiritualism have graded, over lowlands and through highlands, over the swamps of hu-mility and the mountains of pride. It is a straight road; it is a level road; it is a grand highway for all humanity; it is onward forever. Then take courage and be comforted; be not weary, for the work of Spiritualism is the work of well-doing. Relax no effort—seek to change no purpose in this great design, for it must make a revolution in the morals and religious of men that shall be a signal epoch in the history of the world's future, for the world's happiness. Be not downcast and dis-heartened at the obloquy and scorn of the multi-tude, nor the severity of the Church, nor the en-mity of friends, nor the opposition or bitterness of

In Spiritualism learn first the usefulness of sin, and thank God for the woe it brings and for the death of all physical glory and goodness which are the wages of sin. Bear with manly and womanly fortitude, the surging elements of the world, that dash against this rock and disturb the con-scious feeling of your finer being. Stand unmov-ed, in silence, like the rock of truth on which you ed, in shence, like the rock of truth on which you stand, and let the turbulent waters dash and break and receive again; stand firm, for your foundation is a rock on which a superstructure shall ere long be reared, which the storms may beat against and it will not fall, for it is spiritual

with not against the wiff not talk, for it is spiritual and divine, not earthly.

When your inner life is harrowed up with new consciousness and its inevitable sorrow, with new thought and its inevitable anguish, when you are in agony from causes and effects—invisible workings that you cannot see and understand—be resigned think of the Garden of Getherwape the signed, think of the Garden of Gethsemane, the cup of bitterness; learn compassion for human woe, sympathy for men and for women everywhere who are suffering; learn the power of the certain hand of destiny that holds you for future good; and feel the passive beauty and reality that is superior to all earthly suffering, in the words, "Thy will, oh God, not mine, be done." Then beneath you lies the funeral pile of selfishness, and hatred—war with evil—and from its ashes come new flowers of truth, the aroma which makes the saint and sinner, too, kneel in admiration and love for the character of Christ, for our ideal mannod. The agonies of the Garden of Gethsemane must be passed by every one before man comes to the development of his manhood. No man can be a Christian till he has suffered the sufferings of Christ, borne the obloquy, scorn and degradation signed, think of the Garden of Gethsemane, the Christ, borne the obloquy, scorn and degradation that he bore, and stopped all war with sin. If it needs be, be resigned to the worst that can be. Tread over every inch of the Garden of Gethsemane, and drink all its bitter cups to the dregs. If it must be, be ragged, hungry, homeless, weary, sick, forsaken. If it must be, be dishonored, scorned, dispised—learn the lessons that make man's manhood. Christ is the vine and ye are the

These bitter cups are given man to drink only to make his willingness to drink them—only to make him subservient to the willing powers of the spiritual world—to the will of God. And it is sacrifices—bitter cups—that lead men on to this development. Did man see the hand of God, of velopment. Did man see the hand of God, of goodness, everywhere, in everything—did man have perfect trust in the guidance of the angelworld, he would not need the curse of sacrifices; he would not need to drink the bitter cups of life to make him see and trust in God where now he only sees and doubts the Devil. When man shall trust in God and follow Christ he shall be blessed without measure. When he shall resist no evil, believe in everything without doubting, when he shall bless the curser, and learn to love the murder of when his charity shall comprehend all beliefs. er, when his charity shall comprehend all beliefs and cover all sins, he shall be saved from all sacrifices, he shall be fanned by the breezes of prosperi-ty and rocked in the cradle of peace and plenty.

ANNIVERSARY MEETING

smemoration of the First Public Lecture by Miss A. W. Sprague, at South Rending, Vermont.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

Through the efficient energy of Mr. D. P. Wifder, a meding of Spiritualists and the friends of the honored and lamented Miss Sprague was held to celebrate her first effort as a pioneer lecturer, at the same place where, eleven years ago this 16th day of July, she stood to proclaim the Gospel of the New Dispensation of Spiritual Truth. Truth.

Truth.

The morning was cloudy, foreboding a rain; but a goodly audience assembled, and the services commenced at 10½ o'clock A. M.

Mr. D. P. Wilder, one of the earliest and most zealous of the pioneers of this great cause, through whose agency Miss Sprague was first introduced to the public, and who has ever since sacrificed time and means without stint to advance the cause, was chosen Chairman and opened the express. cause, was chosen Chairman, and opened the ex-ercises with remarks befitting the occasion. An hour was spent in Conference.

Mrs. Townsend spoke of the event we had met to commemorate, and paid a fitting eulogy to the worth of her worthy colaborer, whose memory is now enshrined in the hearts of thousands who had now ensuring in the hearts of thousands who had listened with rapture to the glowing eloquence that flowed from her inspired tongue and pen, and who had felt-the genial warmth of her generous nature in the charmed social circle. She then briefly reviewed the progress of Spiritualism in the last cloven years, and referred to some of the many great truths it has unfolded and inculcated.

Mrs. Horton followed, expressing her great pleasure in being present to participate in the events of an occasion commemorative of the career of a noble woman, whom she dearly loved while a mortal, and whose character she has learned to appreciate more fully and love more deeply since she has felt her spiritual presence and influence. She believed the post largement and influence. She believed the poet's language,

"None knew her but to love her. None named her but to praise,"

especially applicable to Miss Sprague; but was especially applicable to Miss Sprague; but while she would venerate her high worth, she would love more the great and glorious truths of which Achsa was so able an exponent. She would have this occasion a social, joyous one, not a sad one. Let the noble thoughts, which the associations of the day inspire, flow forth and vibrate through every soni, rousing all to noble deeds and brave endeavors to advance the cause of human weal, and to cultivate all the virtues that exalt manhood and womanhood.

that exalt manhood and womanhood.

Mr. Charles Walker, one of the earliest friends and sustainers of Miss Sprague, paid a warm tribute of regard to her memory, saying that he loved the noble sentiments which she uttered, but her noble soul more. She was his beau ideal of womanhood.

After Mr. Walker's remarks, the Choir sang,

After Mr. Walker's remarks, the Choir sang, then the regular exercises commenced with a prayer by Miss B. C. Pelton, after which Mrs. Horton gave the morning lecture. She commenced by saying, "To date the advent of Spiritualism upon the earth would be a difficult task, but to specify the time of its first appearance. in Reading, we have but to revert to the event of which this is the eleventh anniversary. It had long lived in the rocks and rills, but Miss Sprague first poured forth its glorious truths in human language. The seed then sown has brought forth many fold, and the next cloven years will witness more than a hundred fold growth. Achsa was a brave pioneer in the great work of human freedom, but the mighty power that flowed from her lips was from above, and it has rolled on till it has encompassed the world. Those who once heard her

passed the world. Those who once heard her woice tuned to the music of the spheres, hear it still, and she repeats the significant words, "I still live." Let the words ring through every valley and resound from shore to shore, for they are expressive of immortal life. The speaker briefly alluded to the reception of Miss Sprague when slie made her debut in this place, and to the words are represented that when slie made her debut in this place, and to the opinion many of her hearers entertained, that Spiritualism was but the chimera of brains like hers, disordered by disease, which would soon pass away like an idle dream, &c.; but it still lives, and its gigantic strides have been on, on, far transcending the expectations of the most sanguine believers who then received it.

We should commemorate this day by the expression of noble thoughts, and by resolutions to consecrate our lives anew to the great work which our sister left in our hands. Profiting by the experiences of the eleven and seventeen years since the debut of our sister and of this glorious faith, we should be better men and women, and labor more willingly and efficiently in the great philanthropic mission which she began, and honor her memory by consecration of our souls to the same great work, and by labors of love in behalf of hu-

manity.
The lecture closed with a poem, evidently dicsong through Miss Pelton, also inspired by her. After an intermission of half an hour, the meet-ng was again called to order, and Conference en-

Mr. E. B. Holden, of North Clarendon, Vt., who has recently been developed as a good speaking and healing medium, commenced speaking in an "un-known tongue," which was succeeded by very appropriate remarks upon the object of Modern Spiritualism, the results it has accomplished, and the great progress it has made in changing the ideas of the age, &c., and closed by an allusion to the career of our departed sister, who is still with us in spirit.
Mr. Newman Weeks, of Rutland, followed with

some very felicitous and appropriate remarks upon the object of this convocation, saying, among other good things, that we had met not only to pay good things, that we had met not only to pay a tribute of respect and love to a noble woman but to eatch inspiration from the associations of this place, to be like her—faithful workers for uni-versal good and truth.

The Secretary then followed with a few re-

narks. Dr. W. W. Russell, of Rutland—who has become very efficient and successful healing medium, a very efficient and successful healing medium, worthy of public patronage—arose to make a few remarks, and said he had consecrated his life to advance the truths of Spiritualism and to do good to humanity, by healing the sick through spirit-power. He purposed to speak upon other topics appropriate to the occasion, but courteously forbore, that the regular exercises might be resumed.

Mrs. Townsend then gave the final lecture, commencing with a fine poem upon "The Progress of Truth," at the close of which, the controlling intellegence gave an elequent exordium in which re-

interpretation first proclaimed its starting the New Dispensation first proclaimed its starting the New Dispensation first proclaimed its starting truths. The nations have been convulsed; war has shaken the fabric of governments with its mighty thunders; great social and political changes have oc-curred; but amid all the chaos and turmoll of the

curred; but amid all the chaos and turmoil of the religious and political elements, the great truths of Spiritualism have lived, and it has rolled on like a baptismal wave, purifying the people. Its work is but just begun. The prophecies of a few years ago are not yet all diffiled. Old institutions are not yet all demolished. Much has been accomplished in the religious world; all denominations are becoming more liberal and fraternal, and are banding together to meet a common foe. Old political parties have been disorganized, and social institutions have been shaken, but the work is still in its incipient stage.

and social institutions have been snaken, but the work is still in its incipient stage.

The years to come will witness greater disruptions. All isms will yet be recorded as relics of heathenism, and truthism will supplant all others.

All sectarianism shall vanish; party spirit must die away, and the great law of human brother-hood must become universal in its sway. Men must become a law unto themselves. The Golden Rule will ret become the law opinionent. The great become a law unto themselves. The Golden kule will yet become the law omnipotent. The great Civil War has changed the Constitution and eradicated one system of slavery, but other systems yet remain—the slavery to public opinion; the slavery of woman; the slavery of Mammon-worship; these must all be swept away by other social and political revolutions if need bel

Human souls are alike pure in essence, but sur-roundings are what make the difference of manifestion, therefore no one has a right to sit in judg-ment to condemn another. This is a radical truth

ment to condemn another. This is a radical truth destined to overturn old theologic theories. Those who believe in old Orthodoxy, have organizations emanating from geologic strata.

We must go beneath the surface, and appeal to the internal of men and women, if we would elevate them. We call upon mankind everywhere, without respect to creed or ism, to purify themselves, and thus reform the world!

At the close of this profound and thrilling dis-

course, which was replete with great and startling truths, of which the above is a very meagre report, the Chairman requested the Secretary to read one of Miss Sprague's published poems, entitled, "Let the Saints be glad in Heaven."

After singing by the choir, the Chairman announced that the occasion would again be celebrated, at the same place, when the new took.

brated, at the same place, when the next 10th of

July comes on Sunday. July comes on Sunday.

The occasion was somewhat solemn, on account of the associations connected with it, yet it was a happy one to the many illumined souls, who felt the baptismal shower of inspiration that filled them with a flood of light; and all went forth with nobler purposes, and higher aspirations for purity and truth.

The venerable mother of Miss Sprague was present, and tears of joy, not of sorrow, trickled down her furrowed cheeks, as she listened to the glowing words of filial affection which her sainted daughter dictated, to cheer her on her pilgrimage to the beautiful Summer-Land, where she will soon greet her in her beatified abode!

Ahl who would not believe in the sublime and beautiful philosophy that robs Death of its torrors, and transmutes the sorrow of bereaved hearts into joy, and changes hope into glad fruition!

All the exercises of the day passed off with eclat; and but for the rain which fell rapidly at the close of the meeting, as well as during its session—making it unpleasant for many to return home—nothing occurred to mar the pleasure which all experienced.

DEAN CLARK, Secretary. Rutland, Vt., July 17th, 1865.

To Lecturers and Societies.

Through the Banner I wish to say that there is a tield for a speaker in Northern New York, where the labor could be distributed in a few towns, or as extensively as they please. But a radius of ten or fifteen miles would give liberal support to a speaker and his family. Here is a large society, unorganized except by the original organizer, whose hearts are in the greatest of all causes—the soul's progress; wealth adequate, and liberal minds to use it. Several transient speakers, such as Clark, Chase, Toohey, Miller, Madams M. A. C. Brown, S. L. Chappell, A. C. Burt, have spent some months in particular localities—may angels sustain them—and have all made their mark. But there appears to be a demandtheir mark. But there appears to be a demand-for a settled religious teacher for some time; one whose religion embraces all the science and poli-tics they can successfully use, and, if adapted to the society in general, may do an untold amount of good. I have spent over twenty years exclusively in this work. Eleven years in the town where I now reside—the last ten, independent of the Church; without leaders stewards, organization, or begging; laboring hard, sometimes through sunshine and sometimes through shade, resolved on breaking some of the chains which bind hu-manity to the past; fetters which for years made manity to the past; fetters which for years made me very restless. I was not always qualified to make every one understand me, especially those who did not care to. At first, I was opposed to a hostile clergy and laity, who, equally enslaved themselves, supposed there could be no present inspiration, no truths, but those given in the far past to the fathers. But ideas are changing; the work has progressed; mediums have aprung up where least expected, until we have nearly every phase of mediumship common with the rest of the world; and much is due to the callightening infinworld; and much is due to the enlightening influ-ence of the well-timed and saving Banner. I will give all information to speakers in my power, if they will write to me. Test mediums, whose hearts

are in the work, will find liberal helpers.

I have been conscious for a long time that a secret power beyond my control or the proclivity of my nature, has been urging me to leave home and ail, for the purpose of extending the area of my labors for humanity. Now if the friends would make for me appointments, anywhere near the thoroughfare from Rome, N. Y., to St. Paul, Minn., and write me, leaving it with me to fix the time, as best I can, they will do me a to fix the time, as best I can, they will do me a great favor, and I will try to meet their anticipa-tion (if not too high,) and can make the best of my time and accomplish more. I am willing to go anywhere, but do not feel able to bear the exgo haywhere, but do not leet note to bear the expense far off from the through route. I intend—nothing forbidding—to start in August, or the first of September. I do n't know as I have any "axe to grind," creed to defend, or organization to build, or any peculiar-views to promulgate, but simply to give to the world what God has and is giving to me, through his own agencies, for the good of souls, leaving each one to make the best of what I have for them.

REV. JAMES FRANCIS.

Parishville, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.

Letter from Dr. Child of Philadelphia.

Brother Dyott and myself went down to Hammonton, N. J., on Sunday, the 23d of July, which, though not "a land flowing with milk and honey," is a place where fruits and berries and substantial realities are abundant—including live men, women and children who are determined to do something

for the cause of humanity.

I talked to the people in the morning, on the Condition of the Country, and Mr. Dyott and Mr. Gleason, of our city, assisted in the exercises of the New Lyceum in the afternoon. They have a very interesting class of about thirty children. The school is organized under the conductorship of Dr. C. W. Howard, with Mrs. Samson as guard-ian of groups, and Mrs. Dr. Bowles as musical director, with an able and efficient corps of leaders, and good musical talent. The exercises were conducted in a very satisfactory manner, and all parties seem to be deeply interested in this new and important movement, by which our children are to be saved from many of the evils which the old Sunday School system engendered in the way of false teachings. They have commenced a li-brary, and have already nearly one hundred vol-

By the way, I understand that some of the Church people are beginning to steal some of Mr. Davis's thunder, and are having Saturday-evening meetings for their Sunday School Children to march with flags and banners, and be trained in gymnastics. I say God-speed to them for all the

gymnastics. I say God-speed to them for all the good they can do.

On Sunday morning I visited the grave where we laid Mrs. Fish's remains, and plucked a small oak leaf from a tree that waved over it in silence. In the afternoon I called upon Mrs. Harris, an elderly lady, who is an excellent psychometric medium: without saying anything to her about it. dium; without saying anything to her about it, I handed her the oak leaf, with a request that she should lay it against her forehead and tell me what were her impressions. She said: "I should say it gives me glimpses of the beautiful world— Yes, oh, yes, brother, I can now soar from world to world. My flight is not obstructed; my gaze is never weary; my hope of knowledge is bound-less, for that which I shall obtain will be such. This earth is beautiful; it has borne the green leaf so fair and lovely; but I wish not again to be an occupant, a dweller confined to that earthly case-ment which I have vacated. No! no! I can come to you now, but not with that poor form. Go on, brother! Raise up the down-troiden, extend thy broad charity until the whole mental universe is illuminated. Cease not, but ever be active, remembering that the law of compensation is immutable and ever sure."

Those who knew Mrs. F., will think this very characteristic of her. HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Verification of a Spirit-Message.

DEAR BANNER—I was happly surprised to see a letter from my little son, Willie Short, (published in your paper of July 1st.) His father, Mr. Levi Short, did go to Johnson's Island, on Govarnment business, about eight weeks before he died. I do not doubt but what he saw Mr. Thompson; if so, and the letter meets his eye, I hope he will speak for himself.

will speak for himself.
I thank little Willie for his dear letter; it is very consoling to me. He was but seven years and twenty-eight days old when he died, and has been in the spirit world fifteen years. Levi Short, his father, has been in the spirit world only nineteen months. Charlotte was deaf and dumb. She was past twenty-three years old, and has been dead eight. I am not acquainted with any person in Boston, so, if I wrote at all, I had to direct this to the Banner of Light. Respectfully yours. the Banner of Light. Respectfully yours,
ADELIA B. SHORT.
Buffalo, N. Y., July 19, 1865.

It matters not how selfish a man may be, there something in him which tells him that the selfishness he sees in others is contemptible.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

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Bunner of Light.

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For Terms of Subscription see Eighth Page. LUTHER COLBY, - - · · EDITOR.

SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit commun-on and indux; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to asn's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and deathy, and its application to a regenerate life. It recog-tions acquisition to the spiritual in March 18 feet and the second nites a continuous Divine inspiration in Man; it aims through a careful, reverent study of facts, at & knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—London Spiritual Magazine.

Children's Sunday Lyceum. When the recent Convention of Spiritualists was held in Boston, one of the leading topics of discussion, if not the leading one indeed, was the education of the youthful mind in views and sentiments quite the opposite of those of old style Orthodoxy. The conviction was as general as it was profound, that an imperious necessity existed for freeing the minds of the young of this generation from those cramping and confining influences which have made so many people unhappy through their lives, not to say bigots and pharisees. It was thought desirable to take some step toward stopping the business of spiritual starvation which had been so long carried on with such fatal success, and beginning a process of refreshing and recuperation. The depressing influence of the creed which, with unparalleled presumption, styles itself Orthodox, was commented on with great freedom by the speakers who took part in the debates of the Convention, and without exception it was resolved and declared necessary to bestir ourselves as a body of liberal and enlightened religionists to offset such an influence by efforts in an entirely opposite direction.

The first step suggested, therefore, as the most appropriate to be taken, was the organization by the Spiritualists everywhere of Sunday School Lyceums for the proper instruction of children. This has always proved a powerful instrument in the hands of Orthodoxy, and we may take the hint even from those whose deleterious influence over the mind we seek to supplant with a more generous and liberal one. Our efforts should be concentrated on the Sunday School. There the twig is bent, and the tree inclines ever after in the same direction. There the plastic young mind receives the impressions of truth, which last as long as life itself. It may not, in generous hands, be the work of early proselytism, as it is in the hands of bigots and creedists; yet it deserves to be prosecuted with all the zeal and fervor of those whose aims begin and end with proselytism itself.

Here in Boston, for example, the work has come to a head; and although the machinery is not yet in working order, it has been all put together and only waits to be set in motion by the master's hand. A Children's Sunday Lyceum has been duly organized, officers have been chosen, teachers for the different classes have enthusiastically volunteered their services, and the one practical thing wanting is a proper hall in which to hold the regular Sunday meeting. That will of course be supplied as soon as the funds needed to defray the expense of such a hall are all contributed. It fortunately happens, too, that a manual for the moral and physical instruction of children, according to the belief and conviction of Spiritualists, has been re-Progressive Lyceum," A. J. Davis being its author and compiler, which is saying all that is required. With this little manual, teachers can at once enter upon their work, and very soon feel repald in the religious proficiency and growth of the young minds which come under their care.

We can do no less than to urge this very important matter upon the attention of Spiritualists in all parts of the country. To spread the truth of our beautiful and satisfying philosophy, no more effective way can be designed than to drop the seed into minds all prepared to receive it. Let the work be begun, then, at once,

Speaking of the deadening influences of creeds and their cramping and encrusting power over the human soul, John Stuart Mill, the great writer on Political Economy, remarks in his essay on Liberty: "We often hear the teachers of all creeds lamenting the difficulty of keeping up in the minds of helievers a lively apprehension of the truth which they nominally recognize, so that it may penetrate the feelings, and acquire a real mastery over the conduct. No such difficulty is complained of while the creed is still fighting for its existence:

• • but when it has come to be a hereditary creed, and to be received passively, not activelywhen the mind is no longer compelled, in the same legree as at first, to exercise its vital powers on the questions which its belief presents to it. there is a progressive tendency to forget all of the belief except the formularies, or to give it a dull and torpid assent, as if accepting it on trust dispensed with the necessity of realizing it in consciousness, or testing it by personal experience; until it almost ceases to connect itself at all with the inner life of the human being. There are seen cases, so frequent in this age of the world as almost to form the majority, in which the creed remains as it were. outside the mind, encrusting and petrifying it against all other influences addressed to the higher parts of our nature; manifesting its power by not suffering any fresh and living conviction to get in, but itself doing nothing for the mind or heart, except standing sentinel over them to keep them vacant"

A more graphic sketch of the influence of creeds over the human mind, and indeed over the whole being, could hardly be drawn.

The English Elections.

From accounts thus far received, the elections in England, which have been taking place for a country than good citizens like to think of. The new parliament, are in favor of the Palmerston returned soldiers are by no means responsible for party and the liberals. For convenience' sake, more than their share of it, yet they too often forthe latter consent to be classified with the former, get what belongs to the character which they have The main point of discussion has been in fact, the carned as honored defenders of their country's incharge that the Palmerston ministry has been too stitutions. Liquor generally lies at the bottom of liberal. But that is by no means the Bright and the trouble, and that should therefore be avoided Cobden party, to which belong, also, such men as | by our veterans as their worst enemy—far worse Forster, Gladstone, Tom Hughes, and others of to them personally than the most virulent rebel like character. The Tories now call themselves who ever drew his piece to kill them outright. Conservatives, yet they are as narrow and bigot. We may expect more than the usual number of ed as ever, and would never yield a tittle to the crimes in the summer, too; there is an influence popular demand except on compulsion. The lead- in the weather that more surely tends to generate ers in English politics are very old men, and must them than that proceeding from frosty airs. We soon give place to younger ones. The Reform hope, however, that the carnival may soon come principle is to be the leading one in English poli- to an end, and relieve newspapers of their horrities for some time to come.

Emma Hardinge.

The very name of this lady is synonymous with all that is lofty and generous in religious faith, all that is beautiful and even herolc in individual effort, and all that is beautiful and exemplary in private life and practice. She is too well known as a lecturer on the great mysteries and profound truths of the Spiritual Philosophy to require any particular introduction to the public of the United States. Wherever she has spoken to popular audiences, if she has not succeeded in enlarging their views and deepening their religious convictions, she has never failed to excite their astonishment and admiration. The powers of mind and the facility of expression which superior intelligences have employed through her remarkable organization, are truly rare, and calculated to work with wonderful effect upon the popular mind. She has been summoned by those intelligences to undertake some remarkable tasks, and ias never flinched from their performance. No one of either sex is ordinarily called on for greater service in the world; and none of the extraordinary calls were ever more remarkable than

It is not within the privilege of our present restricted limits to enter upon a recital of her work. She came from England to this country ten years ago to perform that work, and she returns this week to her native land with a satisfying consciousness that it has not all been in vain. Few. in truth, are privileged to enjoy such signal successes as hers have been. She returns to England, not for rest in the midst of her mission, but to continue the labors to which she has so steadily devoted herself here. She will carry over with her the same religious zeal and fervor for her special work, the same ceaseless resolution to perform it faithfully, the same rare abilities for spreading the blessed truths of Spiritualism among the common people and the poor, and the same true inspiration that has given her so much power since she has been among us. She goes, in fact, a self-appointed missionary on behalf of Spiritualism to the people of Europe. Angels have given her their commission and ordination; and will go with her to keep her and advance her

When the Banner needed friends, we never forget that Emma Hardinge came forward valiantly to aid our labors for the cause of humanity, and has continued them without intermission till the present day. For this we thank her on our own behalf, but chiefly on behalf of the tens of thousands who, we have good reason to believe, are consoled and enriched in their lives this day by the results of these very labors of ours. She has been a generous contributor to our circle-fund and our bread-fund, neglecting no opportunity or appeal, however simple or humble, to spread the gospel of Spiritualism among those who had never heard of it before.

Her own Valedictory statement has already appeared in our columns, and we trust it has been thoughtfully and gratefully perused by all readers of the Banner. It was a production such as no one but Emma Hardinge had either the experience or the capacity to write for a wide circle of sympathetic and admiring readers. To that we would refer all who would be freshly informed of her public career for the last ten years. It will repay more than a single perusal.

And now nothing remains for us but to extend to her the sincere farewell, just on the eve of her sailing, which is still unspoken on the tongue. In that farewell wish, too, those tens of thousands throughout the country who have listened in silent gratefulness to her teachings and inspirations; will readily join. She departs from our shores with the hearty God-speed of every soul that knows her. Surely no parting could be more welcome to any one about to trust herself to the uncertainties of the deep. She carries the public heart with her on her voyage, which beats and brims with wishes for her successful labor in the Old World fields, and for her safe and happy return when she shall feel that her mission abroad cently prepared, under the title of "The Children's has been accomplished. They will give her the popular reception in Europe which she deserves, cessful. The time is come for us to send back our best missionary to Europe, and we dispatch Emma Hardinge.

Angels attend upon her going, and bring her safe back to us in the full ripeness of the time when she should return!

The City School Festival.

The public schools of Boston having closed their regular year, the usual festival was given the assembled children in Music Hall, on Tuesday afternoon last, attracting a vast concourse of spectators. Speeches appropriate to the occasion were made by the Mayor, Richard H. Dana, Mr. Burroughs, Mr. Philbrick, Wendell Phillips, and others; the speech of Mr. Phillips being the best of the whole, and the very best that could possibly be made before a mixed multitude of school children. It was full of life, sparkle, points, aud aptness. We have seen nothing so excellent in many a day. Boys and girls who had the rare fortune to sit and listen to good talk like that, may congratulate themselves on having something to remember for their life-time.

The thoughts of all went back very naturally, uring the exercises, to the revered Benjamin Franklin-the man who did more for the public chools of Boston, by precept and example, than any other who ever dwelt here. His medal, which he established with a fund of his own leaving, is regularly bestowed on deserving young scholars every year, and is an object of general aspiration among the pupils. By his counsel he gave a start to the cause of popular education in our midst which few other men could have given. More than all, he taught us that intelligence was for common, rather than for occasional use, and that when a man was educated he possessed more nower and influence than when he was ignorant. His policy was to popularize learning of all sorts, to bring home its treasures to the use and appreciation of all. His name will therefore be held in remembrance while one stone stands upon another in any of the schoolhouses of the Boston where he accomplished so much.

Crime.

There is far more crime practiced all over the ble reports.

Demonology and Spiritualism.

The World's Crisis (Second Advent) is assiduous in its endeavors to convince its readers that none but demons communicate with mortals; and that, per consequence, modern Spiritualism is the work of the arch fiend himself. Many other creedists hold to the same opinion, and are endeavoring to impress upon their followers the dangerous tendencies of the Spiritual Philosophy. Nothing is further from the truth than these bald assertions. Rev. J. B. Ferguson, who lately delivered a course of lectures in London upon Spiritualism, handles this subject in a cogent and incontrovertible manner, showing that the demon theory inculcated by modern creedists is without the least foundation in fact, and proving conclusively to all rational, thinking minds that the gulf between the two worlds which old Theology has for so many long years striven to impress upon its proselytes as impassible, has been bridged, and that the dear departed can and do return and communicate with their loved ones in the earthlife. He says:

The idea that unclean and wicked spirits alone communicate, robs the sainted dead of their rights, only to swell the hearts of all who honestly enteronly to swell the hearts of all who honestly enter-tain it with the sad relentings of fear that now weep o'er the evidences of its perversity. It makes the mother that bore you, and the father that periled his life for your good, as some mighty Gorgon, or hundred-eyed Argus, to watch your frailties, and the frailties of your kind, that your fraities, and the fraities of your kind, that your hopes may be lost, and your ruin irretrievable! It sunders the nearest and dearest ties that bind you to your kind, and leaves you as a blot upon the page of a fair and glorious creation, to deserate the paternity of God with the malice of fabled fiends. Indeed, you may speak of fabled gorgons, hydras, devils, and malicious pythons, but neither Nature nor the chronicled imagery of ages can furnish an emblem that can even faintly portray the ignorance and superstition of such a portray the ignorance and superstition of such a thought. Look at it upon the acknowledged and repeated premises of the religious creeds around you. Christ received spiritual communication from the transformed Moses and Elias—were He and they wicked and unclean spirits?
I have made you, in this discourse, numerous

I have made you, in this discourse, numerous references to communications, &c., from angels, found as the most interesting portions of a Book you regard as infallible—are they from wicked or unclean spirits? Do you not see that this objection to Spiritualism would make every prophet, apostle, and even Christ himself, colleagues of wicked and unclean spirits, for the deception of the world? Oh, shame! To what miserable shifts are not the opponents of the God-given privilege of spirit-communion driven, when its last resort is made to shelter itself in such self-refutory and contradictory absurdities. Rest asfutory and contradictory absurdities. Rest assured it is no mean proof of the Divine Providence that guards, guides, and so wonderfully carries forward this gracious movement, that neither reason, nor rational Scriptural interpretation can reason, nor rational Scriptural interpretation can be arrayed against it without shocking every attainment of the intellect—every cherished achievement over the leaden pall of superstition and tyranical systems of ages of darkness. It would make Spiritualism—the birthright of heaven to man—the bugbear to frighten cringing sycophanicy, that has already too long suffered its soul to be hid in some saintly napkin. It would throw us back amidst the labyrinths of time, to be lost in the dusty path whose illusions have already quite dusty path whose illusions have already quite stilled the celestial chorus in many hearts. It would make us despise afresh, as every form of tyraun has done, the deified impress of All-wise God up on the heart of a common though varied humanion the heart of a common though varied humanity. It would elevate the fictitious drolleries of another day above the consciousness you have of your being in God, and all the blissful evidences of His unmeasured care, as seen faintly but promisingly in the triumphs of your science and art. It would dwell with rapture upon a Beishazzar's feast to renew the kindred forebodings of its own approaching fall; or find another Witch of Endor to break the reness of a sainted Samuel to still the sorrows now felt as the Providence of God, but which too clearly indicates that the Theology of Devilism is "weighed in the balances and found wanting." Too long, already, has the monotonous roar of the thunder of eternal wrong in a universe created in eternal and unchangeable a universe created in eternal and unchangeable right, mingling with the widow's tear and the orphan's cry, as they fall prostrate before a power that tells them they are accursed if they seek the comfort the hypocrisy of the preachers cannot give, in the symphony of angels making melody, in their deceived and sorrowing hearts. It would make humanity lifeless, and rob it of its only boon that elevates it above the brute.

And the men whose stipends depend upon the perpetuation of this unclean idea, tell you we are Intidels. Infidelity! to bellieve in one God, Father, Friend, Guide, Life and Glory of us all—to behold One Universal, enrobed in beauty, engirded in order, interpenetrated with the life of God, and embosomed in love. Infidelity! to hall a hope for all,

bosomed in love. Infidelity! to hall a hope for all, and hold it up above all machinations of mistaken friends, sometimes thought to be enemies, and wave it over the fallen, the outcast, the downtrodden. Infidelity! to acknowledge the pointing of angel fingers to that sublime destiny that maketh the harmony, the overlasting harmony of the intelligent universe, whose sweet notes are now stealing o'er all the desolate chambers of sepulchral churches and crimsoned battle-fields, to win all, even the most stern and vindictive, to hope and charity. Infidelity! to cast light upon almost every page of that Bible menso blindly reverence, and make its incidents, which you felt were dark, confused and contradictory, radiant with the light of a developing Providence. Infidelity! to deliver you from confused and contradictory ideas of God, you from contused and contradictory ideas of God, of man, of human discipline and destiny. Infidelity! to bring man to acknowledge the law within as the impress of his God to be unfolded by angels in and out of the form, and bring him to think justly, feel purely, and hope wisely, in the day God has given to him, and with the generation in which he has his being and his responsibilities. Infidelity! to teach and illustrate what every father of the Church, every reformer of the world, the whole line of confessors, markyrs, scholars the whole line of confessors, martyrs, scholars and religious philanthropists have acknowledged, lived and died to confirm; what every creed of any note acknowledged in its "communion of saints," and what the Bible teaches in almost every book of its hoary and elemn pages. Even now I feel that these hosts of holy men, from their sceptred thrones of purity and love, respond to my even my feeble utterance of the faith, that God is one—His universe is endlessly related, and his every creature has his angel attendants to inspire him on, and to guide him toward his eternal destiny. They point us to the colossal spire of hope, that spans all time and encircles the clouds of death and the depths of the grave, to soothe our every sorrow, and bring us from fleshly beginnings and earthly struggles, in unison with our end; to deliver us from the borrified evidences of ignorance and sufrom the herrified evidences of ignorance and su-perstition that have secured every reprobacy of mind that has sacrificed our rights as men, and made us false to the nearest and dearest relations, both on earth and in heaven. They would have us stand free to receive our all, and remove the impediments that retard our progress to that beati-tude that awaits all mortals. They breathe over us the atmosphere of love, chide us in sympathy for our misfortunes, and instil a thought that leads havond the conflicting strife that seeks no higher beyond the conflicting strife that seeks no higher elevation than the prostration of its kind. They would disabuse our mind of its false construction and misconceptions of man's greatest privilege and misconceptions of man's greatest privilego. They would reveal the fear to be a man as the charnel-house of the soul, whose atmosphere has descerated even this fair land with every species of strife, for forms and folbles, that hide the light of one Eternal Parent and one glorious destiny to all the variegated children of His love. No! I call no man Infidel, and repel the name

No! I call no man initide, and repet the mane with a determination that knows no fear and asks no favor but what a common humanity should claim. We leave every man's faith in the guardianship of his own conscience and his God. Our position fortunately cannot be mistaken. We as a contact together for mutual help and not to establish lish an impudent esplonage over freedom of thought and sentiment. We ask no man to be-lieveln the sublime disclosures of the spirit-world; but we present them and their attendant con-firmations, and leave all free to receive or reject, as they shall value their wants and hopes. If our faith be called Infidelity, we ask what is the faith of our opponents, with the array of Bible facts. Church testimony, and their own confessions has Church testimony, and their own confessions be-fore the world? And while we make a common humanity the basis of sympathy and help, we "CATHOLICISM AND SPIRITUALISM."

would be judged by our own conduct, private and

public.
We not only believe in the ministry of angels. We not only believe in the ministry of angels, but believe that its existence and advantages are demonstrable to all who candidly seek and willingly choose the responsibilities that seeking incurs. And we hall it as the hope of humanity and the dawn of its brightest day. The suspicious and the unthinking may reëcho the cry of madness and infidelity, as they did of the Holy Nazarene; but the intelligence from the spiritual-world will spread, despite and by the aid of every obstacle value placed in its way. It will not be arrayed will spread, despite and by the aid of every obstacle vainly placed in its way. It will not be arrayed against any truth, either in the laws of physics or of mind. It will not descry any known principle; but it will teach the world that truth is immutable, and no weapon formed against it can prosper. And as it moves forward in steady but certain strides, it will carry with it a liberality of sentiment, a freedom of soul, and a beneficence of action that will awaken a host of minds to its heavenly and harmonizing teaching, and at last lead us all to a holy triumph.

The Colleges.

This is the era of College commencements. A vast deal of pedantic lingo is got off in connection with them, and many pleasant memories of years gone by are revived and enjoyed again. The College system in this country, however, admits of too many establishments altogether. They are too thick and too insignificant. As this is the age of cooperation in all things, a better University might be sustained here and there with marked success than all the small Colleges put together will ever make in the world. The object of education should be to liberalize, to enlarge, to discipline, to do thoroughly, to afford every possible facility; and this cannot always be done where teachers are few and insufficiently educated for their work. Only at a properly regulated and generously endowed University can science be learned as it ought to be and can be; the little Colleges can do no more than teach the text-books from memory. We need better things in this advancing age.

The Atlantic Cable.

Wind and weather permitting, the hither end of the new submarine cable will be passed up from under the sea and touch the shores of this continent, some time during the first week in August. It is a grand undertaking, one to whose successful carrying out all hearts are drawn in sympathy, and from the results of which uncounted blessings are expected to flow to the whole human family. The preparations for this second laying of the Atlantic cable have been made with much care and regardless of expense, with the determination that there should be no failure if human foresight could avail to prevent it. By the time our readers are fairly through this paragraph, they may begin to expect to hear tidings of the approach of the fleet to our shores. It will be greeted with the heartiest of welcomes.

Maximilian.

The fortunes of this would be Mexican ruler appear to be growing worse and worse. The Pone treats him with coolness, and is reported to have excommunicated him from the church. His army in Mexico, divided into three columns, has been beaten by the rising liberals of that republic, and compelled to make their retreat where they could. The case for him, just now, therefore, appears to be a rather critical one. He cannot very well go ahend much further, and to retreat is equally fatal to his safety. Napoleon cannot feel strongly inclined to help him out of his difficulty, for Napoleon is not so sure of how such friendship would now be received by the United States. It is altogether probable that the attempt to establish an European monarchy on the ruins of our sister republic is an entire failure.

"Judge not, lest Ye be Judged."

The great feature of Spiritualism is, to put a stop to the almost universal condemnation now existing between man and man. A broader, a grander charity must prevail, even among Spiritualists themselves, ere our glorious scientific religion will become potent for good. Surely those who are continually boiling over with condemnation of their fellows, will be obliged to go through a terrible schooling, ere they arrive at the haven of peace and harmony. We are all children of the Father; and whosoever condemneth one of His children also condemneth Him.

Emma Hardinge's Lectures in New York.

Miss Hardinge has been lecturing in Hope Chapel, New York, for the last six or eight weeks, to crowded and sometimes crammed houses, notwithstanding the very hot weather. The people everywhere would be glad to listen to her eloquent inspirational discourses again before she leaves for Europe. But that cannot be, as she has engaged passage in the steamer which leaves New York on Saturday next.

"Voices of the Morning."

Belle Bush's poems are appreciated all over the country. The Cincinnati Times, in alluding to her new volume recently issued, says, "The author of this neat little volume is already familiarly known to our readers for her many effusions in. Western journals, some of which have appeared in our own columns. The work she now gives to the public will well repay perusal from beginning to end. There is not a line in it but is of a higher order than that generally known as newspaper noetry."

"Haunted Houses."

Some of the aristocratic residences in New York city are said to be haunted. There is nothing strange in this. The inhabitants of the spiritworld can enter the dwellings of the rich, and make themselves heard; or they can visit the domicils of the poor, who have no fear of spiritfriends. These visitations are of common occurrence in the residences of our mediums, who speak of the manifestations as they would of any other commonplace affair.

The Davenports.

The Brothers have been unable to obtain a permit from the French Authorities to give public séances in France. They have, therefore, decided on giving a series of private seances, at their own cost, at Mr. Guppy's Chateau Genevillieres, after which they talk of returning to America. We hope, however, says the London Spiritual Magazine, they will not cross the Atlantic without giving a few more seances in London.

Dr. U. Clark's Free Meetings.

In the absence of other public Sunday meetings in this city, visitors and friends are reminded that the Sunday morning meetings continue at Dr. U. Clark's Health Institute. The large, cool and siry parlors are filled, at every service, with genial and intelligent souls seeking celestial communion, and the music and other exercises are always harmonic and inspiring.

We shall publish in our next, an essay from the pen of Hudson Tuttle, Esq., entitled,

WM. K. RIPLEY the well known lecturer, has sen quite ill, of late, and returned from his lecuring tour in Maine, in that condition. From his home in Foxboro, Mass., he writes to us that he contact with a rattlesnake, about five feet in hopes to be able to fulfil his engagement in Dover, Me., during August. He expresses thanks to and in the melee that ensued, fastened his fangs many kind friends who have shown him attentions during his illness.

MRS. LAURA CUPPY speaks in Haverhill during August. She has just closed a successful course of lectures in Taunton. She is engaged to speak in Lynn the first two Sundays in September.

BARBARA ALLEN, an excellent test medium, has returned to this city, and for the present can be found at No. 10 Dover place.

CORA L. V. HATCH is at present tarrying at Seymour, N. Y.

Picnic at Beverly.

There will be a grand picnic at Stanley's Grove Beverly, on Tuesday, August 8th, 1865, under the auspices of the Spiritualists of Charlestown and vicinity. Many speakers have been invited to be present and entertain the party with speeches, which, together with the singing and dancing, will hardly fail of giving satisfaction to all present Spiritualists and others friendly to the cause will do well to be present. The committee of arrangements have taken great pains to make this the picnic of the season. The excursion will be under the management of Mr. James B. Hatch, a gentleman well known to the public of Boston and Charlestown, assisted by the following named gentlemen: A. H. Richardson, J. J. Mumbler, D. Titus, H. Brown, C. A. Poor and H. Cushman.

Substantial Aid.

We are under obligations to many friends in different parts of the country for timely aid to sustain us in the publication of the Banner. We often receive similar notes to the following:

DEAR FRIENDS—I herewith send you five dollars for a renewal of my annual subscription to the Banner. I prefer to send five dollars a year, instead of three dollars, the subscription price, for so good a paper.
Albany, N. Y. E. ANDREWS, M. D.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

We have received the abstract of a phonographic report from Wm. F. Jamieson, of the proceedings of a Three Days' Convention of Spiritualists, held in De Witt, Mich., July 2d, 3d, and 4th, which we shall print in the next Banner and the one following. We are under great obligations to Mr. Jamieson for preparing a report in such an excellent manner.

In the Questions and Answers on our sixth page, the reader will notice the views of the invisible intelligence who spoke June 12th, on the negro suffrage question, and the remarks of a slaveholder on the same subject, which follow.

"WHAT CONSTITUTES A NUISANCE ?"-This question is often put by wiser heads than ours, but seldom do we derive a satisfactory answer from any source. But for ourselves and neighbors we can mention what we and they consider a terrible nuisance, and that is, the effluvia that emanates from an oil store on Canal street, which scents the whole of Haymarket Square and the adjacent neighborhood. Why do n't the Board of Health look after such places? We sigh for the good old days when the Square was used as a hay mart. But the sweet and healthy scents from the new hay which once impregnated the air in this locality have given place to petroleum and stinking fish oils. The fact is, we are "progressing backwards" in some things.

The city government have purchased for the purpose of placing in Fancuil Hall, the picture of Mr. Lincoln, painted by Joseph Ames, and pronounced by Messrs. Sumner, Wilson and others, the best portrait extant.

Douglas Jerrold once said to an ardent young in print, "Be advised by me, young man: don't take down the shutters before there is something in the window."

A driver of a coach stopping to get some water for the young ladies in the carriage, being asked what he stopped for, replied: "I am watering my flowers." A delicate compliment.

. Nine American whale ships have been captured in the Arctic Ocean by the pirate Shenandoah and eight of them burned. There is danger that sixty more will be captured by the pirate.

The late news frow Mexico states that Maximilian has made a contract with a foreign speculator for the introduction into Mexico of several thousands of negroes, who are to be kept in slavery; that they will be obliged to work duringten years for the benefit of their masters, and made to renounce the right of complaint before the magistrates in case they may be ill-treated or abused. Their temporary bondage can be renewed, and they can be transferred by sale without consulting them.

NEW INTERPRETATION OF C. S. A.-Crinolinum, Skirtum, Absquatulatum.

J. Stuart Mill, the liberal writer elected to the English Parliament from Westminster, expresses himself in favor of opening theatres on the Sab-

The daily papers have it that the Davenport Brothers are patronized in France "by an old East India merchant." The authority is unreliable.

Some of the "ministers of the gospel" at the South, who have been notorious secessionists, are endeavoring to organize a colony for the purpose and strife should seal its hope, unless it can anew of emigrating to Brazil, says the Savanuah Daily see what it is that makes the life of religion in all

. "My dear doctor," said a lady, "I suffer a great deal with my eyes." "Be patient, madam," he replied, "you would probably suffer a great deal and content, of sobriety and debauchery, of chasmore without them."

Prof. Longfellow's income is fourteen thousand dollars a year.

The largest ox in the State of Maine is owned by C. F. A. Johnson, of Presque Isle. He is a Devon, girts eight and a half feet, and isover thirteen feet long from his nose to the tip of his tail.

Boston people have always had a wonderful faculty of criticising the statues erected in her public grounds. The Franklin statue in Court Square was made the butt of no little ridicule until the erection of the Webster statue, when that was subject to all sorts of critical remarks, and its admirers were few, in print. Judging of the merits of the statues by the articles describing them, the wonder is, that the spirits of Horace Mann and Daniel Webster do not visit the State House and petition Gov. Androw for the removal of such carleatures of themselves.—Amesbury Villager.

It was a golden query of Dr. Franklin in answer to one of the importunate letters of Tom Paine, that "if men were so wicked with religion, what would they be without it?"

Private Elliott, of the 28th Iowa Regiment of Volunteers, at Savannah, Ga., recently strolled out on the Ogeechee road, about two miles from camp, to pick huckleberries, when he came in length. His snakeship immediately showed fight. to one of the ankles of Elliott. The wound was of a serious character, the blood flowing as though an artery were cut. He tied a compress around the leg above the wound, and hastened to camp, Iodine was immediately applied to the wound, and the injured man freely supplied with whiskey. At last accounts he was considered out of danger.

A Catholic priest, recently passing through the Portsmouth Grove Hospital to minister to Catholic patients, accosted a soldier on one of the cots with, "Do you belong to the Catholic Church?" 'No, sir," said the man, with a roguish twinkle in his eye; "I'm a Sucker!" The irreverent fellow belonged in Illinois.

TO EMMA HARDINGE.

Oh yes! in our memory, dearest, Will Emma, "our Emma," still live; Words echoed by her were the sweetest That mortal or spirit could give.

Thou wilt still "be remembered," In our heart's deepest shrine, Till our life-sands are numbered, And our spirit-bells chime.

Our hearts were all saddened. When you hade us "good-bye;" But, Emma, dear Emma. Do not leave us for aye.—Com.

"The rich," said a Jew, "eat venison because it ish deer; I eat mutton because it is sheep."

FEMALE PHYSICIANS.—The Female Medical College of Pennsylvania, now in the sixteenth year of its existence, has just graduated a class of twenty-three students, and judging from the success that other lady physicians have had, there is little doubt that they will find enough to do.

"In one sense, the greatest men of a nation are those whom it puts to death. Socrates was the glory of Athens, which judged itself unable to live with him. Spinoza was the greatest of modern Jews, and the Synagogue excluded him with Ignominy. Jesus was the glory of the people of Israel, who crucified him."—Renan's Life of Jesus.

Don Pedro Candamo, the richest capitalist in South America, recently died at Lima, leaving a fortune which, it is asserted, exceeds the sum of sixteen millions pounds sterling.

SYMPATHY.-A little two-year-old girl fell the other day, and striking her head, cried at the top of her voice. In the midst of her tears she chanced to see from the window a poor old horse with drooping head. Instantly checking her sobs, she asked in the kindest tones: "What'ee matter, hossy? Bump 'oo head?"

Receipts of express companies for the first four months of 1865: Adams \$2,467,952; American \$1,-276,611; Harnden's \$217,571; United States \$870,-354; Wells, Fargo & Co.'s \$304,885.

'A learned counsel once said to a witness: "Sir, did I understand you to say that you saw the defendant strike the plaintiff?" "I know not what you may have understood," said the witness; but if my eyes served me properly, I certainly did witness a manœuvre that would warrant such a description."

John B. Gough, the temperance lecturer, reports an income of nine thousand dollars a year.

ERRORS OF LANGUAGE.—There are hundreds of expressions used daily between man and man. that set all meaning at defiance. For example: "Tom, you are growing thin." "Yes, I have been in ill health for some time." Now, the idea of growing less is as clear as mud, and ill health is a perfect contradiction.

There are three thousand five hundred and ninety-eight boats belonging to the Eric Canal. of which number one thousand four hundred and forty-nine are of greater tonnage than the vesse in which Columbus discovered America.

Sidewalk Sonnet, by Shillaber. The sympathetic heart forever turns

With tenderness and an abiding love,
And, when apart, with fondest longing yearns,
For dear ones prized all other things above.
Each thought is tinted with the love that glows; Their forms come to us in the sleep of night,

And in the day-dreams that the lover knows, Filling the passing hours with roseate light. Oh, dear ones, what a hold dost thou possess!

Pilot and chart art thou on life's fierce sea; Our eyes turned toward thee, all thy worth con-

fess,
And holier feelings throng the way to thee!
But of all dear ones that our lives beguile,
Provision dealers lead 'em by a mile.

HOW A BOY BROKE THE SABBATH.-A little girl, four years old, was on her way home from church with her father, when they passed a boy splitting wood, and the father remarked: " Mary, do you see that boy breaking the Sabbath?" The child made no reply, but walked home very thoughtfully, and meeting her mother, exclaimed: Oh, mother, I saw a boy breaking the Sabbath with a big axe!"

Of one thousand infants fed by the mother's milk, not above three hundred dig; but of the same number reared by wet nurses, five hundred

Each individual owes a primal duty to himself or herself. If one has embarked in matrimony, wife and little ones should engage his paramount

Strange that the theology of the nineteenth century should end in Devilism! But it is not strange that being thus precipitated, dissension

Aggregate human life is made up of crime as well as virtue, of poverty and wealth, of suffering tity and unbridled passion.

Why is a fight between a man and his wife like a collision at sea? Because the weaker vessel is apt to get the worst of it.

A bachelor of thirty years writes to the Country Gentleman for a recipe for bean soup. A lady correspondent replies: "Get a wife who knows how to make it."

The following are Spanish proverbs: Since I wronged you I have never liked you.—The day I did not sweep the house, there came to it one whom I did not expect.—Never speak of a rope in the house of a man that was hanged .- If you want to beat a dog, say he ate your iron.-The gallows was made for the unlucky.-To be a merchant, the art consists more in getting paid than in making sales.

The ashes of a cigar are little thought of-those

of a man scarcely more. Political croakers would almost rather share in

a calamity than fail in a prediction.

A New Medium.

Within the last six months, Miss Deborah Cogman, residing with her father, 22, New-road, Commercial-road, E., has been developing as a medium. Her powers are varied, and the manifestations through her organism of a most interesting character. She is made to improvise verses, and sing them to original music. She is occasionally made to speak in foreigh languages, but to us by far the most useful other gifts, is that which directs itself to the cum of diseases. The rapidity with which she has atrived at her present stage. with which she has arrived at her present stage of development is sonewhat surprising. We trust her mediumship maybe protected from idle curiosity, and allowed togo on developing. We have a conviction, if such is the case, the world will hear of her.—London Spiritual Times.

L. L. Farnsworth, Medium for Answering sealed Letters.

Persons enclosing ive three-cent stamps, \$2.00 and scaled letter, will receive a prompt reply. Address, 1179 Washington street, Boston.

James V. Mansfield,

Test Medium,
Answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street,
New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

Halleck's words, "None know thee but to love thee, none name thee but to praise," may be fairly applied to Phalon's "Night-Blooming Cereus." No one who once uses the perfume ever relinquishes it, and rosy lips are never weary of commending and re-commending it. Sold every-

Those who wish to consult an excellent clairvoyant, are recommended to visit Mrs. H. B. Gillette, 830 Washington street.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to zeturn rejected manuscripts.] A. D. T., CANTERBURY, N. Y .- Write to Prof. D. P. Lindsley 16 Summer street, Boston.

B. F. H., SEDALIA, Mo.-MS. received and placed on file for examination.

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PRACTICAL PHYSICIAN for Chronic Diseases by magnetic treatment, will open rooms at FORT WAYNE, Ind., TUESDAY, Aug. 8, at 9 o'clock A. M., and close Thursday, Aug. 11, at 6 o'clock r. M. Will open in LAFAYETTE, Ind., MoxDAY, Aug. 21, and close Thursday, Aug. 31; and commence healing in PEORIA, Ill., MONDAY, Sept. 4, and close Thursday, Sept. 4 and Color Thursday

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These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond-whether for good or evil. But those who heave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by Spirits in these columns that does not

comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive no more.

Vacation.

The time having arrived when our medium takes her usual vacation, no public circles will be held at this office for the present. Due notice will be given when they are resumed.

Invocation.

In holy trust that is not blinded by superstition, that comes to us fresh from the hand of Nature's God, we would commune with thee, our Father; not through prayer that is blinded by prejudice: not because we fear thee, but because we love thee; not because thou art outside and away from us, but because thou art with us; because through the holy channels of prayer thou talkest to all thy children; because through that divine avenue we may come nearer, perhaps, to thee. Oh thou Infinite Spirit, who art the life of these ever changing and mysterious forces by which we find ourselves surrounded; thou who art the parent of the beautiful summer blossom, and also of the human soul, we praise thee; we adore thee; we sing unto thee sweet songs of rejoicing; we chant glad songs in unison with Nature. In harmony with this glorious summer day, with its millions of voices that chant a glad anthem to thee, we join in that authem. We praise thee as the Author of this beautiful day. We praise thee as that living Presence that sustains us, and wilt never forsake us, and who has surrounded us by beauty. We praise thee for all the grand, majestic thoughts that have come down from the ages to us, pointing Heavenward, and speaking wisdom. For all the grand utterances that the past has given us; for all thou art giving us in the present, and wilt give us in the future, we praise thee. Father, Spirit, for all shadows we praise thee; and although sorrows sweep over our-spirit, baptizing it in affliction, we praise thee. For every tear, every smile, every storm, we praise thee. For all things we praise thee.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.-We will now consider the inquiries of correspondents.

QUES .- By L. T. Dean, of Amesville, Ohio. What is the reason that spirits from this part of the State do not manifest at your circle room? I have had several friends agree to report at your circle, but as yet I get no response from any

Ans.—That question has been previously answered. Your correspondent can find the answer by referring to back numbers of the Banner.

Q.-By M. Comstock, of East Lyme, Conn. Do spirits require food in the spirit-world to sustain the spiritual body? If so, does not the spirit of animal and vegetable life on earth assume to furnish the food of the human spirit-body in the spirit-

A .-- The spirit is by no means sustained by nothing. Then it must be sustained by something, and you may as well call that something spiritual food, as anything else. It is a well known fact to spiritual scientists, that everything that has a material form has a spirit residing in that form, and that that spiritual part is the part disembodied intelligences especially deal with. If the disembodied has need of this food, of fruits or vegetables, or grains, even animals, mark us, we say, if the spirit needs this, it has it.
Q.—By W. F. W. When a man comes into the

world diseased, "half made up," deformed, and constitutionally miserable-through no fault of his-and commits suicide in order to get rid of his troubles, is he right and justifiable? Very few live and die a normal death. Some eat themselves to death; some drink themselves out of the world; some destroy their lungs by tight lacing, and nearly all go out of existence prematurely. What difference does it make whether a person departs this life through unhygienic habits, or makes use of the drug, the cord, or the steel?

A .- The kinds of suicide that are in existence are without number. It is a truth that you are ali, in one sense, suicides. Some are suicides to a very large extent; indeed, they carry it to extremes -carry it so far as to induce a separation between the spirit and its external body. But your correspondent desires to know if those persons are justified in committing suicide, who have been ushered into this world under inharmonious conditions? Every effect is justified by the cause that produces that effect, and that cause is absolutely the only perfect judge, the only power that is capable of judging in the case. If the cause acquits the individual, certainly your speaker has no right to condemn. However, we would advise that you all seek to inform yourselves with reference to yourselves and to your surroundings, that you shall become less and less suicides, and outgrow this suicidal tendency, and become perfect, strong men and women.

Q .- [From the audience.] - I was present yesterday where a medium, called a healing medium, helped an invalid in the course of ten minutes. Was this done by some spirit physician?

A .- We have no knowledge with regard to that special case; but under such circumstances, generally, the forces that are transmitted from healing mediums to the so-called invalid, are guided. more or less, by the wall of some outside intelligence who has a knowledge of spiritual as well as physical things. These healing media do but restore harmony where that has been disturbed, or seemingly lost. All disease is but a loss or disturbance of harmony, and whosoever is enabled to give any subtle force that can restore harmony, can effect a cure in all cases.

Q.-How is it that that man who is ignorant of such things, can sit down and tell a person what to do to benefit their health?

A .- The person, we should say, was under the influence of a mind who did understand the case; in other words, was controlled by a foreign intelligence, and in all probability that intelligence was a physician.

Q .- Please explain how Christ was enabled to feed five thousand people with five loaves and two fishes?

A .- There are many things upon record that are false. Literally speaking, Christ never did feed five thousand human bodies with five loaves and two fishes. Spiritually speaking, he doubtless did this: but it is by no means a material fact. It belongs to the spirit more than to the form.

Q.-How are we to suppose, then, that Christ ever walked upon the water?

A .- His walking upon the water is by no means out of the course of nature, or outside of natural law. It is outside of law, however, to human minds, or was at that time. There are numerous instances of so-called miracles even at the present day. How is it that your mediums, many of them, are taken from their feet and borne through the air, entirely independent of their own will? In their case the law of gravitation is seemingly suspended. But in reality it is not suspended, but only taken advantage of by superior wisdom. By understanding law you can make it subservient to your will; but until you do understand law, it is your master. The intelligences controlling the person called Jesus, no doubt used him as persons of the present day are used. They might be taken across the water just as well as he. It is by no means a miracle.

Q.—Is not the pressure of the atmosphere somewhat dissolved?

A .- So far as they, as physical beings, are concerned, the atmosphere is changed. They become electrically lighter than the atmosphere.

Q.-In your opinion did human beings ever live in the form eight or nine hundred years at a time? A .- Not without changing form.

Q.-Did they ever live that length of time, as people now live twenty or thirty years? A .- It is our opinion they never did. The laws

governing form prohibit that, so far as physical or human life is concerned. Q .- How long has the human race been upon the earth, substantially in its present form?

A .- It is our belief that the human has existed substantially in its present form for near three thousand years, perhaps not upon this portion of your planet, but taken as a whole. Q.-Have you any better way of getting knowl-

edge with regard to this matter than we have? A .- You have one very ready means offered you through scientific research, while we have another. We are able to hold communication with intelligences that lived on earth thousands of years ago. Tangible, real and intelligent communication we are enabled to hold with them. They communicate indirectly with you; but you

Q .- Did those ancient persons wear seamless garments?

lute knowledge to you; only belief.

do not realize that fact as we do. It is not abso

A .- That we do not know. QR.-It is said that Christ wore such garments. A .- There are many at the present day who perhaps wear such garments. The garments of the body are always adapted to the growth of the indwelling spirit. In one sense they are products of that spirit. One race of beings dress in one way, and another in another; but, if you could look at the internal, at the spiritual unfoldment, you would see that, even in these external matters, they are all conformable to spirit. The

nal, even to its outward wardrobe. Q.-Did such persons as Adam and Eve ever exist in form?

A .- Yes, every special race of beings had their Adam and their Eve, or their starting point of in

growth of the internal spirit determines the exter-

Q .- Who were the parents of such Adams and

A .- Perhaps other Adams and Eves. Q.—What constitutes an Adam and an Eve?

A .- Male and female life, intelligence. Qn.-Then every human being on earth is either

an Adam or an Eve? A .- Certainly. But the history of every race points back to a time of creation, a beginning. Now it is not an absolute fact that any race ever had any special creation, for that which has been created can be destroyed entirely. We do not believe that, even in the external, you ever were created, in the true sense of the term. You have grown out of the great ocean of life. There has

been no creation. O.-When a historian makes an assertion he means that which to his mental vision seemed to be true to him?

-Yes; simply that, and nothing more. Q.—And all beyond that is simply ignorance to

A .- Yes: those minds who have given you your Sacred History you call the Bible, have given you the best they could. They pointed back as far as they were able to perceive. But that should not teach you by any means that they had been able to perceive all of eternity that existed in the

past. It only teaches you they are finite. Q.-Who is the most ancient personage known to History that you have personally come in con-

tact with, or into rapport with? A .- That we could not tell. We have come into rapport with many, many intelligences. It would be impossible for us to tell who dates the

furthest in the past. Q.—Are soul and spirit one?

A .- No, these terms are but terms. The Soul we generally use as a term signifying the internal, the principle, a something that cannot be touched by time or circumstance, a something that ever was and ever, will be. The Spirit is a term used to the clothing of the soul, or apparatus through which it unfolds itself. Q.-What is spirit composed of?

A .- It is composed of every conceivable kind of matter. Everything that has had, or has an existence, or ever will, may be found within spirit.

Q.—Then the spirit-form is not corruptible, is it? A .- No, not as you understand the term. If you mean by that, it is not changeable, why we certainly cannot agree with you. The spirit is subect to changes as well as the body.

Q.—Is the spirit-form subject to decay? A .- Decay but means change; is only another term for change. So, then, it is subject to change. Q .- What is life in its last analysis?

A .- God. Now what is God? The active Power within you and me and all other forms in exis-

Q.-Can we ever know it except by its mani-

A.-No, nover.

O .- Do the highest spirits you ever communed with come to the same conclusion?

A.-They do. Indeed, they are far more satisfled to deal with God through his manifestations by which they are surrounded, than souls in human life are. At present you, as human beings, have not grown out of savagism-have not put off the swaddling clothes of olden times. You are still in the outskirts of being; are grasping at a personal, palpable God, instead of being satisfied with an omnipresent Intelligence, a Power that always has existed, does, and we believe over will exist in all things. You seek for a God that corresponds with yourselves; you seek to bow

you want all these attributes to be outwrought in form before you do this. And why? does spirit demand this? No, only the external manifesta;

Q.-How can we help worshiping a beautiful form?

A.-You cannot. We would not wish to say you did wrong in worshiping the beautiful. Q.-Don't you think the events of the past four years have taught men to look upon God as an all-ruling Power, independent of that single mind

we have called God? A .- Yes; circumstances have so unrolled the scroll, that mind is better alle to read concerning its God in the present, that it was in the past. In other words you now believe in an impersonal God. In the past you were not large enough, not old enough, not mature enough to understand anything but a personal Deity. All circumstances by which you have been surrounded in all the past, but particularly those vivid circumstances of the past four years, have nught you much wisdom. Why even the atmosphere is fully charged with wisdom-with regard to these things. And ever and anon some cloud bursts, and some sensitive soul receives the impress of truth, and so prophecies. Oh yes, you had seed of war, else it would not have been given you. It is but a legitimate child of legitimate circumstances.

Q.-If it is not an improper question, I would ask what do you think of the regro suffrage ques-

A .- It is by no means improper. If it can be proved that the negro is not one of the human family, then you may refuse to give him the rights belonging to him. But if it can be proved that he is one of the human family, you have no right to ask for yourselves that you would not accord to him. Slavery, negro slavery in particular, has been instrumental in placing very heavy scales upon your eyes. Because you have put your foot upon the neck of the negro and held him in subjection to your will, you cry out in your supreme ignorance, he is beneath us. Why is he beneath you? Simply because you have placed him there; simply because you have withheld from 'him the means of education. Now if you cannot educate the negro as fully as yourselves, then he is not your equal, is not one of you. But until you have applied this test, and as strongly in his favor as you have applied it in your own, you have no right to say he is not one of you. And if he is, he demands at your hands the same rights that you accord to one another. June 12.

William T. Brown.

I am a slaveholder, or rather I was. I am from Weldon, Tennessee, and my name William T.

Speaking with regard to the question of suffrage pertaining to the negro. If it be not out of order, before I proceed to my personal requirements, I would like to speak concerning it.

From my earliest remembrance I have been in pretty close contact with the negro, and, so far as my experience goes, I am now, and was when on earth, fully persuaded that the negro could be educated up to the full standard of the Anglo-Saxon. I believed this when here; indeed, so fully was I convinced of the fact, that I used more than ordinary means to prohibit my slaves from acquiring knowledge. For I well knew that as soon as they were educated they would be discontented with their lot.

My father once tried the experiment of educating a slave of his. This negro was a full-blooded African. He was brought from his native land in childhood, and my father purchased him. He tried the experiment of educating this native African, and he found him so susceptible, so ready to drink in knowledge that is procured through the educational process, that he published a circular setting forth the danger attending the education of the negro, and counseling all masters to withhold the means of acquiring knowledge from their slaves; for this negro began to chafe under his chains as soon as he began to be educated; he became discontented with his lot. Just as soon as the wings of his spirit, began to grow in that direction he wanted to fly, fly away from slavery. So my father saw it would be impossible to educate the negro and still hold him in

It is a well known fact that all the wealth of the South lay in her slaves. Sweep away slavery and the South were poor indeed, so far as the things of this earth are concerned; and it's very natural for man to want to hold on to the things that afford him the best support. You all do this at the North. You all seek to make the very best bargain in trade, You all chuckle over your success in business. It belongs to the same family. The Southern slaveholder holds on to his slaves because they are his property; because all his earthly hopes are centered there. It is the foundation, the substantial part on which he

leans. I would not speak in favor of slavery of any kind, though there are many reasons why the slaveholder may be justified in holding his slaves: ten thousand may be evidenced. If you take pains to educate your slaves-those the fortunes of war have thrown upon your hands-you will find they are fully capable of assuming the rights of citizenship, of being educated. So, if they are, according to that, they are entitled to the same rights as the white man.

My slaves to-day, or those that were mine when here, are very dear to me, and I should be very glad to see them every one enjoy rights that the white man enjoys. I know the time will come when this race will enjoy perfect freedom and liberty; and I hope you will all do something toward accomplishing it.

Now sir, I have friends, a family, that are dear to me, that I should be very glad to open correspondence with. I was first brought to a knowledge of coming here by some slight signs of mediumship-existing in my daughter, but they are so slight, that I am unable to control her. [Was it before or since you passed away?] Since I passed away. I have been in the spirit-world but a short time. The fortunes of war deprived me of my body.

In the last letter I ever wrote to my family, I said something like this: "If it should please our Heavenly Father to separate us by death, let us, If there is any means of return, avail ourselves of those means. If you are called, oh come back to me, if you can. If I am called, I will surely

return if I can," I had no special belief in the return of the spirit. I wanted it to be so, but did n't know whether it was; but I left the subject open, and ready to be sealed by whosoever should go first. My family down to form. You have not outgrown idolatry. You are all idolators, every one of you. Pardon us if we seem to speak harshly, when we say you have not outgrown heathen worship. You are fast throwing off the shackles, but as yet you are not wholly free. You bow down to forms. We and prove this by your every act and thought; and, if you choose to, you can prove it for yourselves, You worship the beautiful, the wise, but selves, You worship the beautiful, the wise, but friends, that they're not what I expected; are far throwing off others, which is all they are vaguely looking in this direction hoping they are vaguely looking in this direction hoping some intelligence may be given them. It would be like striving to scoop up the contents of the ocean with a gill cup, to give half the experiences to the ocean with a gill cup, to give half the experiences that I have passed through in the spirit world. I will be like striving to scoop up the contents of the ocean with a gill cup, to give half the experiences to the ocean with a gill cup, to give half the experiences to the ocean with a gill cup, to give half the experiences to the world. The great cyll is, they are willing to it who cannot maintain a wife, if they are willing to they are willing to the world. The great cyll is, they are willing to content to begin life humbly, to retire together work that I have passed through in the spirit world. I will be like striving to scoop up the contents of the ocean mith a did above to the invisibles. At subsequent sittings they are vaguely looking in this direction hoping they are vaguely looking in this direction hoping they are vaguely looking in this direction hoping they who cannot maintain a wife, if they are willing to come with a gill cup, to give half the experiences to the world. I who will be last they are willing to come intention of the world. I will be saw writing on the table and on the well, who cannot maintain a wife, if they are willing to come intention and together work they are of into an obsoure positio remain, and I was taken from them. Perhaps

beyond my most earnest hopes; as I never expected to realize half what I have. Perhaps they would ask with reference to God. They know as much about him as I do. They are surrounded by his manifestations, and they can teach them themselves befter than I can instruct them.

If there are any fully developed subjects through which the disembodied spirit can give its ideas, that they know of, I hope my friends will furnish me one. The way is now open, I suppose, for them to receive your good paper. I'm very glad of that. Good-day, sir. [Shall we direct your message to your wife?] Well, perhaps it had better be to my son William, in Weldon, Tenn. Good day, sir.

Jock Bowditch.

How do you do, sir? I came here some time ago, you recollect. I answered a question that was given by a person that I told you was then engaged at the State House-remember? [Yes.] I told you that that person boarded with me some time ago. That was one way I took to identify myself to him. Understand? [Yes.]

Well, that letter, or message, or whatever you call it, was thought very, very strange, very curious; and the gentleman has seen fit to ask me. if I could, to tell him what sort of a conversation passed between us the last time we were together. Well, well, I feel very much as I imagine I should if I was on the stand as a witness. If I remember right, it was in regard to the subject of temperance. He was then a very temperate man, and I was n't. I liked my nippers, and he did n't; and he rather took me to do for it, and said I was shortening my days by drinking, and thought I'd see the time when I should regret it. Well, he was right; I have seen that time already; and if I was here on the earth now, I would n't do it again. But I did n't see it then. I could n't seem to get along without my whiskey then: I could now, I think. I suppose he means that. He's got a good memory. I had to scratch up my thinking box some time, in order to recall it. Well, I hope he's as temperate now as he was then. I'd like to have that friend of mine come right out in broad daylight, and-well, I'll come back and tell him all about the spiritworld. But I want him to come from behind the bush, and let's have a real good talk. [That is the only way for him to do.] I think so, foo. If I was on the earth, I don't know but Isasit on a whiskey barrel as soon as anything. And I suppose he'd get a good old-fashioned family Bible, and get down behind that. Well, that's all right Some go to heaven one way, some another. Some go on a whiskey barrel, some on a Bible. Good-by to you. . June 12.

Mary Rand.

I was Mary Rand when I was here. I lived on Avery street, and I 'm here to send some word to my two sons, Nathan and Thomas.

I was eighty-four years old when I was here. and I've been away from my body in all a little more than fourteen years. I have been trying with all my might to return to my sons ever since I left. I want to tell them there is a here after, surely, and that everything they do now in the present is stamped upon that hereafter, and it makes the kingdom of heaven or hell to them, according as they live here.

I've understood that my eldest son, Nathan, has said, "If there is any heareafter, and folks can come back and talk with mortals, then why don't mother come back to us? She had will strong enough." I've tried all I could to come, but never could until to-day.

I died on Avery street, in Boston, sir. I am happy, tell my sons, and now to-day, coming here through this body, I feel very much as I did when here, just about as weak, just about as old as the last few years of my earthly life. But I aint so when I am away. Then I'm young and happy and fine.

Georgie Chessman.

I'm Geogie Chessman, and was eight years old. I died on the 14th day of February. I lived in New York City, and my mother lives there, and my father was shot two years ago.

My father wants my mother to go to Mr. Mansfield with a letter, and he'll answer it, and he'll tell her what she do n't know about.

My mother was bringed from Germany when she was a little girl. She's born in Germany, My father is from Pennsylvania, and he want, he want fetched from Germany. He's got ever so much to tell her, and he do n't want to here, and I can't write, so I comé here. My father's name was George. [Will your mother get your letter?] She'll get it; she knows I'm dead: knows fath er's dead, too. She'll read it. [Did you die at home?] Yes, sir, I died at home. Good-by.

June 12, MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Tuesday, June 13.—Invocation; Questions and Answers Wm. Maratt, a Confederate spy, to his wife, Charlotte, in Warrenville, Va.; John O'Brien, 10th Indiana, Co. C, to his family; Dennis Minnehan, to Mary Minnehan, at San Fran cisco, Cal.; Ellen Maria Johnson, to friends, in Richmond

a. Thursday, June 15.—Invocation; Questions and Answers Thursday, June 15.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Owen McGrath, of Baltimore, Md., to his family, and Golonei Delancy, of Georgia; Charlie Smith, of Elmira, N. Y.; Marry Steele Grosse, of Liverpool, Eng., to Edward Grosse, Queen Ann street, Sidney, N. S. W.; James Clinch, who died at Station A, New York City, to his friends.

Monday, June 19.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Johnson Chemens, 22d Alabama, Co. O, to his father, in Montgomery, Ala.; Sarah Ellotson, of Corrington, O., to Mr. Abbott; Philip Guinon, to his wife, in Boaton; Horace Willey, of Connecticut, to his mother Nancy Willey, and sister Sarah N. Willey.

Tuesday, June 20.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Aunt Jeane McDonald, to her relatives, in Dunkirk, Scotland David Kenny, of Concord, N. II., to his brother Daniel, shad other friends; Lydia H. S. Lovering, of California, to her parents; Dan'i Murphy, of Manchester, N. II., to his brother-linky.

iaw.

Monday, June 26.—Invocation; Questions and Answers;
Charles Goodyear, of India rubber renown, to the Spiritualists
of Boston; Esther Pendieton, of Philadelphia, to her parents;
Mary Eliza Hammond, of Hamilton, L. C., to her sister Agnes
Hammond, in Massachusetts; Jennic Alderney, of New York

Hammond, in Massachusetts; Jennio Alderney, of New York City, to her mother.

Tuesday, Jane 27. — Invocation; Questions and Answers; Ellen Murphy, of Judson's Court, New York City, to the Catholic priest, Father Kearney; Harry Hodgkins, killed on the Baitimore and Ohio Railroad, to his sister "Jip"; Elbridge Joy Harris, to his friends on earth.

Thursday, June 29. — Invocation; Questions and Answers; Wm. Smith, of Keokuk, Mich., to his aunt. and other friends; Matthew Perkins, of Boston, Mass.; Georgie Donolson, of New York, to his mother.

Monday, July 3.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Judge Alectt, of Walpole, N. H., to his friends; Hon. Butus Choate, of lioston; Benj. Aldrich, of Troy, N. Y.; Susan Wickliffe, of Philadelphia, Pa., to her father, John Wickliffe.

Marrying for Show.

In the following, we find displayed a volume of honest and wholesome good sense:

"To the question often asked of young men why they do not marry, we sometimes hear the reply, 'I am not able to support a wife.' In one case I am not able to support a wife. In one case in three, perhaps, this may be so; but, as a general thing, the true reply would be. I am not able to support the style in which I think my wife ought to live. In this again we see a false view of marriage, a looking to an appearance in the world, instead of a union with a loving woman for her own sake.

Letter from Mrs. Townsend.

Dear readers of the Banner, I send you kindly reeting from among these grand old mountains of my native State-beautifully robed in their summer foliage-so richly laden with gold, silver. iron, copper, marble, slate, and many other valuables to the money-loving world. I have received the cordial welcome I anticipated; have felt my mother's kies, and not only the pure seal of love from her maternal lips, but from my father, sisters and dear old grandparents, and I thought as I received these blessings, how many of our Fathor's children have no father's home, with such kind friends to great them. I wished I could share with such, for I never could enjoy a luxury alone, and if I received what others had not, I was some how getting what did not really belong to me. Oh, I wish everybody had just as many good friends as I know I have, and then they could love everybody, as I do. I will tell you how I know I love God's creatures. I would never do them an injury, but would even render good for evil, if I follow the dictates of my soul. Whatover I love I must bless, and care for according to the best of my ability.

But I was going to tell you of my visit to Mt. Holyoke, last week, with a party from Chicopes and Springfield. We took an early start, and arrived at the top of the Mount about ten o'clock, and oh! such a picture of glory and beauty that lay spread all around us! I wished everybody in the world could see it, because it seemed to me they must enjoy it, and be made better by the sight. We spent the day in raptures, and when the sunset came (we stayed over night) no tongue can describe the glory of that scene. Mr. J. W. French, the worthy proprietor of the "Mountain House who has resided there sixteen years, treats his visitors with real hospitality. He draws them up in the car six hundred feet, gives them the use of the house, with telescopes, observatory, water and the grounds, and lets them down again, all for seventy-five cents. Well, I never got so near heaven, bodily, before. It is worth your while to go there. The invisibles, of course, gave us a few words as we met in the dancing-hall of the house. On Friday we returned to Chicopee, feeling well paid for our journey.

On Monday evening last, I visited the little Ellis girl, whose medium powers were described to you by Mr. Albie not long since, and can say, so far as I could discover, his statements were strictly true. I went in company with Mr. Stebbins and wife. Mr. S. grasped a hand, and held it in his own some little time, while we knew the child's hands were firmly tied behind her and to a staple in the cabinet. What may we not expect from the spirit-world so lately receiving so many strong magnetic beings from this life? Ay, we shall shake hands and link hearts with them. The good time 's coming..

Permit me to say, dear friends who write to me. do not expect personal replies to all your letters. While I would be glad to answer all, I cannot. There is not enough of me. But I am your sister in the cause of Truth.

SUNSET FROM MT. HOLYOKE. Out of the golden fountain of His love, God took the artist-pencil, and with care, Pouched every cloud that hung in power above, Until no finer touch the cloud could bear. Upon this grand old mountain, I behold Such glories as my eyes ne'er saw before!

Its richness must remain untold

No language can portray this splendid scene! Earth, with her twilight beauty at my feet, The mystic river, silent as a dream, Flows on to make the scene complete. O'er arched with such a wondrous sky, With clouds like golden chariots from the God. Just where the sun sank down to lie.

Until I pass the portals of the golden door.

As though obedient to the heavenly rod. Pale Luna! shrouded with her light, As though a veil of richest, finest gauze Were hung around her form so bright,

To perfect even more the Father's laws. I look around on every hand, And glory meets my still astonished eye. Oh Father! what can be the Summer-Land,

If, 'neath its glories, this grand scene must die? could not ask a land more fair; But change, I know, is ever written here, And loving hearts are torn with grief, As come the changes of succeeding years.

T is only that we may not part, That hearts no more with grief be wrung That we would ask a fairer land, Or richer scenes to dwell among.

And when those denizens of light Proclaimed to us there is a holier sphere, Where all Thy love will be revealed. And wiped away each sorrowing tear, We lift our grateful hearts in praise, And look upon these fading types with joy. Nearer! oh nearer yet to Thee!

And nearer to that peace without alloy. M. S. TOWNSEND. Bridgewater, Vt., July 8, 1865.

Manifestations at Developing Circles.

In all the communications I have seen published in reference to the Spiritual Philosophy, I have seen nothing like the occurrences which were manifested at the Central Circle of Caracas, in past years. Some of the facts were published in New York spiritual paper at the time; but tens of thousands who read the Banner of Light, it may be presumed, never saw those publications, and as they may prove interesting, I take pleasure in furnishing a few extracts from the records kept: at the time, as I acted as scribe.

The first medium I ever visited was Miss Kate Fox, at a free circle on Broadway, New York, in 1855. On asking if my mother would communicate with me, it was answered by the alphabet; Dear brother, I can communicate with you better than any other spirit-Susan." My sister Susan died before I was born, aged thirty-nine days. She was not, at the time, in my mind. She was accompanied by the spirit of my mother. I received many communications from this angel sister, who informed me, among other things, that she had grown to be a woman, and had been educated in the spheres. She also desired me to form a circle when I returned to Caracas, assuring me that within thirty minutes she would manifest? herself at the circle. I did so, and selected three: persons to sit with me. In twenty minutes the table tipped over upon my breast; and we had divers communications, through this method, and that, too, without any developed medium.

On the tenth sitting, one of our number, who was an unbeliever, saw figures on the table, produced by the invisibles. At subsequent sittings

peared in Filliant letters, these words: "Glory to God in the highest." An archangel then came forward and passed three times round our circle. wien the spirits of our fathers and others surrainding the circle, fell upon their knees and lowed to the earth before the celestial visitant.

On another occasion, when sitting at our little circle, a canopy of the most exquisite and brilliant colors was held over our heads, supported by the spirits of our mothers. On two other occasions, the medium described a beautiful female, dressed in white, leading a little child, and holding a vial sician of the People; also, the Nature of the Great Conspiracy in her hand containing liquid, which she nouved against Him; with all the Incidents of His Tragical Death, on my head.

My angel sister, Susan, formed a celestial circle in the spheres for the purpose of holding communion with our circle, to which new members were added from time to time.

On taking our seats at table, the medium being entranced, would say, in a loud voice, "now call over your spirit roll." It being called, all the spirits present answered to their names by giving a loud rap on the table. The number of spirits who had been permitted to join the circle having increased, they were divided as follows: Ecclesiastical, nine; Military, nine; Civic, eight; Female, eighteen; making forty-four members on the 31st of Dec., 1856, to which number four more were afterwards added. There was also a Spirit Medical Board, for curing the sick through the medium. When a new member was admitted, it was announced in a loud voice, "Add such a name to your spirit list," which I at once recorded. . As the spirits-members of the circle-advanced to a higher sphere, it was regularly announced in a loud voice, through the medium, and recorded.

The progress made by the spirits after coming to our circles, was astonishing; and I would advise all Spiritualists to sit in circles, with or without mediums, to assist the departed spirits who may come for that purpose. They can do much good, and assist spirits in their progress to the realms of SETH DRIGGS.

Caracas, Venezuela, June 1st, 1865.

Obituary.

Passed to a higher life, June 19th, from the residence of Dr. Sidney, Sterling, Mass., whither she had gone for the recovery of her health, Mrs. Martha B. Beaman, wife of Edson Beaman. of her health, Mrs. Martha B. Beaman, wife of Edson Beaman. A faithful wife, a devoted mother, an unwearled friend and sincero Christian, she was beloved by all who became acquainted with her. Early in life she became a member of the Baptist Church, and by them was considered a model member. A few years since, being inili-health, she was induced to apply to a clairvoyant medium for advice; by that means she gradually became interested in Spiritualism, and for the past soven years she has not only been a firm believer in its beautiful truths, but as medium herself. She possessed rare powers of healing by "the laying on of hands," although her gifts were not publicly used. Itad not her way been hedged up by a multiplicity of other cares, she would probably have made a healing medium of rare excellence. She openly advocated her spiritual views, and tried to lead her former church friends into its beautiful philosophy; and what is not often the case, they loved her still, and considered her a "good Christian; only her head was a little turned by error, probably owing to was a little turned by error, probably owing to health." But the weary, worn-out casket that contained the immor-gem has been committed to the earth, and the spirit ob-ned a glad release.

Earth loses, heaven gains; And every friend that enters bliss, But closer links that world to this.

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porary Mortals with Jesus while on the Earth. In this History, as given by our humble Author and Medium we shall find that Jesus was not a Man with a God for his sire, nor was he a God born of a virgin woman; but he was a true man, born of human parents, like all other men-having one father only, though the Jesus of the Testament is said to have had three. There was nothing mysterious about his birth, ex-cept that he never knew who were his parents while on this earth. He was not sent into this world on a divine mission, to perform miracles and take away the sins of mankind, as stated in the Testament. But he was an intelligent, benevolent man, who went into the public places, teaching the people how to do good, and curing many of their diseases through a meameric or spiritual power, which he possessed in a great degree. It is not true that he was sent into the world as an atonement for man's sins, and was sacrificed to appeare the anger of his fallier, the Lord Jehovah. This True History states that he did not acknowledge the God of the Jews, but paid advration to the True God of Nature, and that he exposed the Priesthood to the people, for which they combined against him, and at length, with the conspiracy of others, he became the victim of their treachery. Also, the doctrines taught and the institutaught by him-nor were they taught at all, until several years after his death. In fact, THE TRUE MISTORY OF JESUS OF NAZA-RETH declares that none of the doctrines. In the sense as stated. in the Testament, nor the institutions as established by the churches, were ever taught or sanctioned by Jesus. He did not believe in the Jewish God, nor their history and legends, but continually opposed them by exposing their absurdities and ridiculous fables. In fact, Saul of Tarsus was the teacher and founder of most of the doctrines and institutions of Christianity, and he was the great enemy by whom Jesus was brought to destruction, in order to accomplish his own insane ambition. Thus, with the subsequent acts of the Priesthood, Christianity became what it is, as taught in the conflicting churches of the present day. Such is a slight sketch of the facts as made known to our lumble citizen, A. Smyth, by the spirits. They desired him to write the same in form of a book, giving him authority to make whatever additions, descriptions, embellishments and transpositions he might think necessary to bring all the facts into view, and make out of them an interesting book, suitable for readers in general. The task is done; the request of the spirits has been compiled with to the best of the author's ability, and is now issued to the public for their perusal and benefit.

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absolutely required in all cases.

CARD FROM DR. J. P. BRYANT.

CARD FROM DR. J. P. BRYANT.

IN accordance with previous advertisements, I now give notice that I shall close my rooms in Detroit, on Wednesday, May 31, 1863, at 6 o'clock, F. M. Dr. D. A. Peake and Son will succeed me in heating the size, occupying the same rooms, 127 deferson Avenue. Dr. Peake has been long and favorably known as a successful practificner. His anable manners, and genuine sympathy for the afflicted, has won for blin an enviable name. Of his untring energy and success flourands can testily. Being personally acquainted with them, I cheerfully recommend them to the subering with perfect confidence in their ability to cure all forms of disease of either body or mind. July 1.

The Avenue of the subering with perfect confidence in their ability to cure all forms of disease of either body or mind. July 1.

DR. H. S. PHILLIPS, PRACTICAL MAGNETIC HEALING PHYSICIAN,

BY THE APOSTOLIC MODE,

THE LANGEST OF OF ITA ADDA.

BY THE APOSTOLIC MODE,

THE LANGEST OF OF ITA ADDA.

BY this treatment any cutable disease may be cured in a few minutes, by the fouch, when the magnetic adaptation is complete; and it only, requires a tew operations to cure the most inveterate cases, where the adaptation is but partial; provided always, the patient strictly adheres to the laws of health, without which no cure can be parmanently, effected by this or any other practice.

THU RIDAY of each week will be devoted to the treatment of the afflicted poor, free of charge. Cleanliness in person always required.

MADAMIC THE LA

MADAME JULIAN, The Wonderful Portuguese Clairvoyant, Whose powers for examining and prescribing for disease are considered second to mone in the country, will give attention to any who may apply for her services, either in person or by

to any who may apply for her services, either in person or by letter.

\$1,00 for CLAIRVOYANT ENABLATION in person.

\$1,50 for CLAIRVOYANT ENABLATION by letter.

\$3,50 for CLAIRVOYANT ENABLATION by letter.

\$4,50 for CLAIRVOYANT ENABLATION by letter.

\$5,50 for CLAIRVOYANT ENABLATION by letter.

SOUL READING

Or Psychometrical Delineation of Character,
MR. AND MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE would respectfullyannounce to the public that those who wish, and will visit
them in person, or send their autograph or lock of hair, they
will give an accurate description of their leading traits of character and peculiarities of disposition; marked changes in past
and future life; physical disease, with prescription therefor;
what hushness they are hest adapted to pursue in opier to be
successful; the physical and mental adaptation of those in
tending marriage; and hints to the inharmoniously married
whereby they can restore or perpetuate their former love.
They will give instructions for self-improvement, by telling
what faculities should be restrained, and what cultivated.
Seven years' experience warrants them in saying that they
can do what they advertise without fail, as hundreds are will
ing to testify. Skepties are particularly invited to investigate
Everything of a private character Kept structly as succes
For Written Delineation of Character, Bett structly as succes
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er one of the other.
Address, MR. AND MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE,
hy l. If Whitewater, Walworth Co., Wisconsin.

DR. URANN. WHO has made so many wonderful and INSTANIANEOUS CURES in Boston, New York, Hartford, Springfield, and more recently in New Hatmoshire and Vermont, has taken rooms No. 163 Court street, Boston, where he may be found from the lat to the 20th of each month. The remainder of the month he will visit patients at a distance who may desire his services. June 17.

> DR. J. WILBUR, OF MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN, MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN

FOR ACUTE AND CHRONIC DISEASES. ATE of Detroit, Chicago, Waukegan and Delaware, Ohio, Linas Jemoved from the American House to 78 Lake street, Cleveland, O., where he will remain until further notice. He cures all curable diseases with a few operations. No medicine given. No surgical operations performed. Also, cures at any distance without seeing the patient, by sending him theff handwriting. Persons who cannot afford to pay are cordially invited, without money and without price. Cleanliness only being required. Office hours are from 9 A. M. to 12 M., and from 1 to 5 P. M.

DR. E. M. HOWARD, BOTANIO, EGLECTIO AND SYMPATHETIO PHYSICIAN,

CAN tell FORITIVELY whether or not you can be cured or helped, and will do so free. He cures all curable diseases. Medicines prepared exclusively by himself, and no cost or pains spared, and so compounded and concentrated at to compains spared, and so compounded and concentrated at to compains apared, and so compounded and concentrated at to compains a compains a compain of the system. No medicines are sold or preserbed unless the Doctor receives the impression that those medicines will benefit the patient. Office hours, 8 to 12 A. M. THE Office and Residence, 895 Washington street, Boston. July 29.

PSYCHOMETRY AND CLAIRVOYANGE.
MISS. O. M. BALDWIN will read character personally or
by letter; describe persons at a distance, whether in or
out of the form; sit for spirit-communications, &c., &c. Send
a lock of hir, or the handwriting of the person. Terms, \$1.
Address, Ripon, Wis. DRS. NEVENS AND KEITH, Practical Mag-

Inche Physicians, from Philadelphia, will stop for a few weeks at SARATOGA SPRINGS, where they will heat the slick by the laying on of hands. Office, one door south of the Empire Hotel.

3w*-July 22. A. H. RICHARDSON, Mesmeric Physican and July 15—3m.

July 15-3m²

G. & P. B. ATWOOD, Magnetic and Clairvoynnt Physicians, 1 St. Marks 11, upp. Cooper Inst., N. Y.
June 10-3m

RS. COTTON, Successful Healing Medium,
by the laying on of lands. You medicinon given.) No.
III East 29th street, near 3d Avenual N. Y. 3m June 17.

A LADY who has been cured of great nervous desires to make known to all fellow autherent the sure means of relief. Address, enclosing a stamp, MRS. M. MERRITT, P. O. Box 368, 1805ton, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free by return mail.

THOUGHTS AND THEORIES.

BY J. M. PEEBLES.

DEAR BANNER-"It is the hour-the dewy hour- \
Of fading light and folding flower"-

hefitting time for social converse with you and your thousands of readers. Richly do I enjoy the gray and the calm of twilight. The day's bustle ended; the sun gone to illumine other portions of earth; the moon climbing eastern skies, and the stars coming out from stellar homes, ever the glad messengers of soft-footed evening hours, eloquent in their silence, and musical with the principles of immutable law, though voiceless as Eternity's night. 'T is the season for musings, for reviewthemselves before us like transparent seas, into which, gazing, we may see the coral and gems of childhood glittering at the bottom-just above, purposeless, yet eluding the grasp-then floating upon the surface, are the chips, sea-grass, and driftwood of restless, youthful ambitions; while nfar in the distance may be seen steamers variously freighted, but all tempest-tossed and wavelashed, now ascending, then descending, strikingly symbolizing life's uneven voyage,

And yet law-infinite law-enzones and governs all; souls, like stars, being the subjects of destiny. Above every ocean-storm the sun shines, as under all frosts and snows are the hidden flowers of June. Tis the roughest seas that make the most skillful mariners; and so is it suffering, coupled with aspiration and effort, that best disciplines and perfects human character.

MEDIUMS.

Harps touched by angel-fingers-sensitive instruments, psychologically affected by every passing breath, yet faithful mediators between this and the spirit-realms of existence, and through whom we derive all our objective knowledge of immortality-I pity you! Often are you nonappreciated, because not understood; called unstable, because the negative subjects of influences visible and invisible; considered whimsical, because sympathetically affected by others' conditions, and sensitive because highly susceptible to magnetic and electric emanations from a thousand sources. True, you are individualities, and responsible. Make no scapegoats, then, of your spirit-guldes. Claim and take the consequences of your own acts. As a personal law, like attracts like. There must be a corresponding element within, or a deep sympathy could not exist between the controlled and the controlling power. Chains cannot be attached to the limbs of limbless persons, nor doors be suspended from and swing where there are no hinges. He "that hath seen me, hath seen the Father," said Jesus. That is, those who have listened to my inspirations, and seen my life-deeds of love and benevolence, have seen the manifestations of my immortal Spirit-Guide. There is a brighter and more appreciative day about dawning for mediums. Let them be of good cheer, then, feeling conscious of this general principle; those that respect themselves, will be respected; those that let others' business alone, and faithfully attend to their own, will find plenty of legitimate and profitable business to occupy their time; and such as conduct themselves in a way to inspire confidence, will secure the confidence of all communities, and be blessed with abundant prosperity.

CAN SPIRITS PASS WALLS WITHOUT DISORGAN-IZING? Few question the fact. All spirits with whom I have conversed, that have been long enough in the summer-land to acquaint themselves with the laws and conditions of that existence, aftirm that they can pass through walls, doors, &c., with the celerity that light seemingly passes and repasses panes of glass. It is admitted that two substances and further, that a spirit of given form, passing a portion of door of the same size and form, there must be a displacement of particles. But must the displacement be with the positive or negative—the superior or inferior? Certainly the inferior, which would be the porous particles composing the door. Every particle of said doors, and feeling the frequent presence of the same size and form, there is a new earlier of particles and form, there is a new earlier of particles. But must mer. lands of Heaven.

Meditating awhile since upon the culture and civilization of Egypt, India, and China, long before the Hebrews were enslaved by Egyptian Sovereigns, and feeling the frequent presence of the same size and form, there is a new earlier of particles in the soul, from which cometh peace, contentment, and a knowledge of life everlasting. Should any of your readers, in perusing this sketch, be moved upon to write to our isolated brother words of encouragement and civilization of Egypt, India, and China, long before the Hebrews were enslaved by Egyptian Sovereigns, and feeling the frequent presence of the same size and form, there is answered by those who roam the summer. I and a knowledge of life everlasting. Should any of your readers, in perusing this sketch, be moved upon to write to our isolated brother words of encouragement and civilization of Egypt, India, and China, long before the Hebrews were enslaved by Egyptian Sovereigns, and feeling the frequent presence of the same state of t which would be the porous particles composing | Sovereigns, and feeling the frequent presence of the door. Every particle of said door is constantly undergoing the process of change, and no two particles thereof ever meet; while each particle that the physical eye can see, probably contains thousands that it cannot see. What vague conceptions' multitudes have of the almost infinite refinement of the spiritual body! Prof. Lenwenhoock tells us that mould is a forest, with beautiful trees, branches, leaves, flowers, and discernible fruit. He also informs us that animated organized insects may be seen with the microscope, of which twenty-seven millions would only be equal to a mite. And yet what relation do these insects bear to the ethereality of spirit substances? Let me further illustrate by electricity. Prof. J. B. Dods said, a few years since, and a recent German writer reaffirms, that it would take some four million particles of our atmosphere to make a speck as large as the smallest visible grain of sand; and yet electricity is estimated to be more than seven hundred thousand times finer than air. Magnetism, inconceivably subtle and rarefled, is considered to be many thousand times more refined than electricity; while spirit is doubtless millions of times more sublimated still. And yet 't is asked how spirits can pass walls without disorganization! With more propriety ask how a mortal, without disorganizing, can pass banks of fog, or smoky strata of atmospheres. Tis a

of steel. THE CHILDREN'S LYCEUM PICNIC.

strange notion, this disorganizing and organizing

of spirits-making and unmaking themselves at

will! The inmost God-principle is the central

life; the magnet; the sun of the spiritual body,

and holds this spiritual body to it as an entity, or

wholeness, by a law, if possible, more fixed and

eternal than the magnet holds to itself particles

A few days since, the children, leaders, officers, and friends interested in the Progressive Lyceum of our city, had a gala-day by the shores of a beautiful lake not far distant. It was heaven to the children. Oh, how important the establishment and energetic support of these Lyceums, inaugurated first in the spheres, and secondly by Bro. A. J. Davis. The exercises consisted of music, speaking, silver-chain recitations, gymnastic exercises, and sporting generally. The opening address was by the Conductor, Mr. A. S. Johnson, a young man, by the way, of fine physique, superior moral worth, and great intellectual promise. This youth, yet in his "teens," can hardly fail of reaching some lofty altitude in the temple of Fame. Our congregation, as a token of appreciation for his services, presented him with a purse of money and an elegant gold ring, to which he replied in a neat and finished speech.

A VOICE TO THE RICH.

I have the personal acquaintance of several Spiritualists, who, during a few years, in the oil regions, Government speculations, and other enterprises, have become wealthy; and with hardly an exception, this increase of wealth has seemingly intensified in them a selfishness, a shrewdness, a penurioueness, and often absolute stinginess. Boon, however, they will pass from earth, leaving behind

died "owing nothing and owning nothing," returns an angel of love and wisdom, with garments all glittering and golden, symbolic of inward ures for the love of them-speculations dazzlehoused and lots multiply. So the work goes on; the stupid world wondering with envy, and the miserly man chuckling over bonds and mortgages, deeds, bank-certificates and coupons, till a splen-didly tapestried death-bed, a magnificent funeral, and direct descent to hell, close the scene. I use ing those life-experiences that loom up and spread-, the term hell in no theologic sense, but as the necessary condition of earth's sowing.

The chemistry of death no more makes a saint of an angular, sordid miser, than the transplanting gold fish, darting hither and thither, seemingly of a dolt from a mud-hovel into college-halls makes him instantaneously a classical scholar. I know the songs of the rich-" we must lay up for our children." If "your children have brains they can lay up for themselves; and if they have none," said an American author," what you lay up rials as they can pick up, the wonder is that they for them will be of no service to them."

Lincoln was a rail-splitter; Johnson a tailor; Gen. Grant a tanner. It is reported that Carlyle once said, "The rich aristocratic English bring into and curse the world with a brood of nincompoons, and then belittle themselves and rob their neighbors to gild them with respectability."

How much good the wealthy might do were they so disposed. There are destitute young men

his feeble parents and educate himself by a clerkship in one of our mercantile establishments, inquired of him,

What salary do you receive per year?" "Six hundred dollars," was the reply.

"I will make you a present of that amount if you will leave the store and attend school a year,

thus the better fitting you for future usefulness." It astonished the youth, who has not yet seen his first score of years. He however accepted the generous offer, and has already commenced his studies; a sure prophecy of scholarly attainments, and manifold blessings to humanity. It delights me to hold up such acts of generosity to a world's gaze. They speak the true divinity and grandeur of human nature when baptized from on high. I should like to mention this brother's name, and would, had he not forbidden my so doing. Suffice it, that he is a reformer, a practical Spiritualist, and worthy son of a Quaker speaker, who passed ing on a small scale and working up, until at the commencement of the war he held notes to the from our midst a few years since to the sunlit isles of God. Grand the law of give and receive, and glorious the wealth of compensation! It is impossible to give a dollar for a good purpose, but that spiritual gems come thronging back; impossible to give garments to the poor, without shining threads being woven into our immortal vestures; impossible to impart beautiful truths, without diviner ideas being inflowed, enriching our spiritual natures; or breathe a kind word even, without angel-music being wafted down into our immortal souls.

T. T. KARNSWORTH, AND SEALED LETTERS. Admitting the necessity of physical manifestations for those wholly absorbed in the objective world, as I see wisdom in Jacob "wrestling" with an angel, and Paul being "felled to the earth;" seeing also the higher uses to interiorily unfolded minds of such more spiritualized manifestations as the trance, clairvoyance, and inspiration; nevertheless, as a method of communication, I have

an ancient spirit brother, I wrote him through that excellent spirit-scribe, Bro. Farnsworth, receiving a most satisfactory answer. Say not he read mine clairvoyantly. I know better! I have sat with and seen these mediums answer scaled letters; and hence, when skeptics say they read them clairvoyantly, I squarely say, sir, 't is false, UTTERLY FALSE! Moreover, if Bro. F. had read mine clairvoyantly, then broken the seal and read it with his physical eyes, he could not have auswered it, for it referred to the submerged Isle of Atalanta, spoken of by Plato, Ovid, and Egyptian Priests; to the Caucasian Hindoos; circles of civilization; the astronomical calculations of Chinese astronomers, with names and other matters known only to myself. And then clairvoyance is not omniscient; while an admission of its existence is a tacit confession of the truth of Spiritualism.

Bro. Farnsworth answered thousands of sealed letters last winter and spring in this city, Chicago, and the Western States, and so far as I have heard an opinion expressed, with perfect satis-

Oh, thrice hallowed this mediatorial work; and beautiful the mission to be the means of convincing skeptics; receiving advice from the heavenly world for mortals; and comforting mourners, by demonstrating immortality, and proving the identity of loved ones gone before. May innumerable blessings rest upon him, and all other mediums who are thus faithfully doing the work of Evangelists, under the influences of spirits and the inspiration of angels.

NAMES. These are of secondary consideration with those who occupy a sufficiently elevated plane to pierce beyond the external into the realms of the ideal and spiritual; still there are multitudes who are greatly influenced by names. They bow before some religious chieftain; or follow the popular current, never asking "what is truth?" It was so in the Nazarene's day. Jesus, a fine Jewish gentleman, spiritually organized, highly mediumistic and inspirational, became the centre of a new system of religion which spread rapidly, and those deficient in moral courage immediately raised the question, "Have any of the rulers . * * believed on him?". That is, have any of those denominated great men, embraced his doctrines? Human nature is the same in all ages. There are thousands of timid, time-serving, respectabilityseeking souls, who, too cowardly to investigate and judge for themselves, inquire if any statesmen, poets, or theologians are believers in Spiritualism. I say it not boastingly, yet truthfully. that the most profound scholars, jurists, and metaphysicians, both of this country and Europe, either accept the facts of the phenomena or the principles of the spiritual philosophy. Of this, egotistic ignorance is not aware! The works of our ablest writers are all aglow with the teachings of Spiritualism; and it is a notorious fact, that our most original thinkers and best authors lie under the

odium of infidelity. Brave souls!-they suffer the

memories to rot! John J. Astor returns from century, Origen in the third, Bacon in the thirspirit-life, and says, "Better-it would have been teenth, Erasmus in the sixteenth, Priestly and better for me had I been a beggar, pleading for Franklin in the eighteenth, Ballou and Theodore crusts in the streets, than to have been wealthy | Parker within our remembrance-have all been as I was, using it as I did." Isaac T. Hopper, who stigmatized as Intidels! Sublimely grand is the constellation of infidels, all glittering with intellect, and golden with immortality. The essential principles of Christianity are beautiful; but I see peace and purity. Still the rich increase their treas- not a gleam of them in evangelical churches. These the angels of inspiration have left. They are but monuments of bones and shells of fashion, perishing with the superstitions they inculcated. They were well in their time, as were wooden plows; but the progressive builder is ahead, and construction is the watchword of the age. Battle Creek, July 15, 1865.

Spiritualism in Western Louisiana and Enstern Texas.

DEAR BANNER—The ink-blot which greets you at the commencement of this letter, will testify to some of the difficulties that Uncle Sam's boys in blue experience in carrying on their correspondence. With their knees for a writing-desk, or perchance a stray cracker-box or a board from some deserted plantation, supported by stakes hastly driven into the ground, and such writing materials as they can pick up the wonder is that they

try to write at all.

But this introduction was entirely foreign to my intention when I sat down to write. Philo Haw-ley, formerly of Connecticut, clock peddler, ex-Baptist, now a Spiritualist, is the subject of this letter. The second day after our arrival at camp, I was at the steamboat landing, Grand Ecore, (some two and a half miles from camp,) and saw a gentleman I took to be about sixty-five years of age, who wore the badge of progression—a flowing beard and moustache of venerable gray. I they so disposed. There are destitute young men and ladies to be educated; industrial schools to be endowed; liberal papers to be sustained, and the poor to be clothed and fed. "Giving is living."

THE CONTRAST.

Residing in this city is a man in comfortable circumstances, who, seeing a young man strug gling with a determined perseverance to support the feable parents and always a leakto see an old man, a life-long member of a strict Ortholox church, become relieved of the chains and shackles he had so cheerfully drawn around him and continued to wear so long, and sitting at the feet of angels, clothed in his right mind. And unless I am very much deceived, the recording angel has the germs of a mighty work passed over to the credit side of his ledger. But read and

Mr. Hawley was a member of the Baptist church omething like thirty-five years, and a deacon for thirty years. For the past seven or eight years he has been a Spiritualist, though not enjoying the privilege of circles or lectures, except to a very limited extent, while on business North. How he became a Spiritualist, or how he became an exserver, of however great moment to the partici-pant. Mr. Hawley was in good circumstances, but a failure in business sent him South, where amount of over twenty thousand dollars, besides a stock of clocks and other property. He has been selling clocks pretty much all the time since he became a Spiritualist. This is why I detail the above facts, to show the extent of his travels; for while going from house to house in pursuing his while going from house to house in pursuing his business, he has been preaching Spiritualism. Not at every house would he broach the subject, but, to use his expression, "When he felt like it," and to use mine, "When he was impressed to do it." Can the amount of seed he has sown and good done be easily computed? I think not; and yet he seems to think lightly of it, and mourns that he is doing so little, that the spirits fail to make him a speaking medium, or an agent in some way of doing more for the cause. Spiritualism is his meat and drink. I was very much surprised and gratified, as your many readers will be, to learn that this field had been thus occupied, for the harvest is great and the laborers few.

vest is great and the laborers few.

Although Mr. Hawley was a Union man, yet Gen. Banks's command, during the ill-starred Red River expedition, despoiled him of most of his earthly possessions; but they could not rob him of the precious boon of Spiritualism, or the fire it kindles in the soul, from which cometh peace,

Natchitoches, La., 1865.

To the Spiritualists and Reformers of the United States and Canadas the National Executive Committee send

The SECOND NATIONAL CONVENTION OF SPIR-ITUALISTS will be held in the city of Philadelphia, Penn., commencing on Tuesday, the 17th of Octo-ber, 1855, and continuing in session from day to day, till Saturday following.

Each local organization is requested to send

one delegate, and one additional delegate for every fraction of fifty members. This call extends to all classes of reformers.

without reference to name or form of organiza-

All Spiritualists and other Reformers throughout the world, are respectfully invited to send delegates to attend and participate in the discus-sions of the questions which may come before the Convention.

S WHICH MAY COME BEFORE THE S. S. JONES, Chairman, F. L. WADSWORTH, Sec., HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., H. F. GARDNER, M. D., M. F. SHUEY, SOPHENNIA E. WARNER, MILO O. MOTT. WARREN CHASE, SELDEN J. FINNEY, H. B. STORER, MABY F. DAVIS, A. M. SPENCE, M. M. DANIEL.

April 15, 1865.

Vermont Convention. The Spiritualists of Vermont will hold their

twelfth Annual State Convention at Ludlow, Vt., the last Friday, Saturday, and Sunday of August next, and cordially invite all Spiritualists and true reformers to meet with them. Warren Chase, Chas. A. Hayden, A. E. Simmons, M. Bent, E. B. Holden, Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Mrs. S. A. Horton, and other speakers are expected to be present. Board and lodging at the hotel, one dollar per

The Vermont Central, and Rutland and Burngton Railroads will return members of the Convention free.

W. W. RUSSELL,

THOS. MIDDLETON,

Committee.

D. P. WILDER, GEORGE DUTTON, Cor. Sec. Rutland, Vt., July 7, 1865.

County Convention-Second Annual Grove Meeting.

The Spiritualists and Friends of Progress of Boone County, Ill., will hold their Second Annual Three Days' Grove Meeting in Belvidere, commencing Friday, Sept. 1st, 1865. Speakers from abroad are expected to be present, among whom is Mrs. Emma Frances Jay Bullene, of Chicago. A cordial invitation is extended to all. Arrangements will be made to entertain these who came. ments will be made to entertain those who come from a distance

By order of Committee, H. BIDWELL, D. CHAPMAN. G. H. ELLIS, CHAB. WYMAN, S. LOVETT, WM. WADSWORTH, A. S. ROYAL, H. WILLARD, HIRAM BIDWELL, Cor. Sec., Belvidere, Ill.

Grove Meeting.

The Spiritualists of Bidgebury, Pa., will hold their Fifth Annual Grove Meeting, on Sunday, August 20th, in E. R. Beckwith's orchard, three miles south of Wellsbury Depot. Speaking at 10; o'clock and 2; o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended to all friends of reform.

By order of the Committee. fate of all religious pioneers. Jesus in the first

Spiritualists' Meeting in Grand Ledge. The Spiritualists, Meeting in Grand Ledge. The Spiritualists of Grand Ledge and vicinity, will hold a two days' meeting at Grand Ledge, on the 19th and 20th of August next. It is expected that Mrs. S. A. Pearsall, Mrs. E. Martin and Mr. Whipple, of Kalamazoo, will be present to address the meeting. The friends here will make provision to accommodate those coming from a distance. Come on, friends, and let us have a good time. Committee of Arrangements, F. Oliver, J. H. Brown and L. Bolls.

Grand Ledge, Mich., July 14th, 1865.

Grand Ledge, Mich., July 14th, 1865.

The Spiritualists and Friends of Progress Of South-eastern Indiana will hold their next

Quarterly Meeting at Bro. Bond's Hall, Cadiz Ind., on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 25th 26th and 27th of August. Dr. J. L. BRAFFITT,

BILAS SMALL; Dr. Cooper, Committee. AGNES COOK.

Yearly Meeting at Auburn Corners, O. The friends of Spiritualism and human progress will hold their Yearly Meeting at Auburn Corners, Geauga Co., O., Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 12th and 13th, commencing at 10 A. M. Selden J. Finney and Hudson Tuttle are engaged as speakers. All are invited to attend. Accommodations will be provided for those coming from a distance. GEO. WM. WILSON, Cor. Sec. Auburn, O., July 9, 1865.

A Grove Meeting of the Associate Friends of Progress.

The Spiritualists of Ypsilanti, Mich., and vicinity having organized under the above title, will hold their first Annual Meeting, August 26th and 27th, three miles east and south of the city, near the Willow Run School House. Rev. Moses Hull, Mrs. Fowler, and others are engaged. All are invited to attend. S. P. BALLABD, President.

Grove Meeting.

The Spiritualists will hold a Grove Meeting east of Cicero Village, Vt., near John Haskell's, on Sunday, August 13th, at 10 o'clock. A general invitation is extended to all. J. H. Randall is engaged as one of the speakers.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

RELIGIOUS SERVICE, with vocal and instrumental sacred music, is held at Dr. U. Clark's Health Institute, 18 Chauncy street, Sundays, at 10½ a. m. Free.

THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISTS hold meetings overy Sunday in hall No. 118 Tremont street, at 10½ a. m. and 3 r. m. Mrs. M. A. Ricker, regular speaker. The public are invited. Seata free. D. J. Ricker, Sup't.

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISTS hold meetings overy Sunday at 10½ a. m. and 3 r. m., at 121 Bilackstone street, corner of lianever street. Lecture by Dr. Clark in the afternoon.

CHRISTA.—The Spiritualists of Chelsea have hired Library

CHRLERA.—The Spiritualists of Chelsea have hired Library Hall, to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening of each week. All communications concerning them should be addressed to Dr. B. H. Crandon, Chelsea, Mass. Speakers engaged:—Charles A. Hayden during September; Mrs. Fannie B. Felton, Dec. 3 and 10.

18. Feiton, Dec. 3 and 19.

FOXBORO', MASS.—Meetings in Town Hall. Speaker engaged:—Miss Susie M. Johnson, Nov. 5 and 12. Meetings dur ing the summer months at 1½ and 5½ r. m.

TAUNTON, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Concert Hall regularly at 2½ and 7½ r. m. Admission 5 cents.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Leyden Hall, Sunday afternoon and evening, one-half the time. Lowell, Spiritualists hold meetings in the time.
Lowell, —Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee atreet Church,
forenoon and afternoon. "The Children's Progressive Lyceum" meets at noon. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Neille Temple Brigham during September; Charles A. Hayden during
October; J. M. Peebles during Kovember; J. G. Fish during January.

HAVERHILL, MASS.—The Spiritualists and liberal minds of Haverhill have organized, and hold regular meetings at Music liall. Spenkers engaged:—Mrs. Laura Cuppy during August; Isaac P. Greenleaf during September.

WORCESTER, MASS.—Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:— N. Frank White during September; Mrs. Anna M. Middio-brook during November; J. M. Peebles, Dec. 3 and 10. Phovidence, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Wey-bosset street, Sundays, afternoons at 3 and evenings at 7% o'clock. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon, at 10% o'clock.

at 10.5 o'clock.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday, in Congress Hall, Clapp's Block, corner of Congress and Elm streets. Free Conference in the forenoon. Lectures aftermoon and evening, at 3 and 10 clock. Speakers engaged:—Mattle L. Beckwith during September; Mrs. Laura Cuppy during October. OLD TOWN, ME.—The Spiritualists of Old Town, Bradley, Milford and Upper Stillwater hold regular meetings every Sun-day, afternoon and evening, in the Universalist Church.

ROCKLAND, Mr.-Meetings are held at Ramkin Hall every Sunday, afternoon and evening. Regular speaker: -J. N.

DOVER AND FOXCROPT, Mr.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday, forenous and evening, in the Universalist church. A successful Sabbath School is in operation. Speaker engaged:—W. K. Ripley during August and September.

NEW YORK .- Spiritual meetings are held at Hope Chapel every Sunday. Scats free.

Meetings are also held at Ebbitt Hall every Sunday, at 10% and 7% o'clock. Scats free, and the public generally invited.
The Children's Progressive Lyceum also holds its regular

The Children's Progressive Lipeana and Avide in Sessions at P. M.
Vineland, N. J.—The Spiritualists of this place hold regular Sunday meetings at Union Hall. CINCINNATI, O.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati have organ-ized themselves under the laws of Ohio as a "Religious Socie-ty of Progressive Spiritualists," and have secured Metropolitan Hall, corner of Mintif and Walnet stream when the regular meetings on Sunday mornings and evenings, at 10% and 7% o'clock.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES. PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK IN THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

[To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore be hooves Societies and Lecturers to promptly notify us of appointments, or changes of appointments, whenever they occur Should perchance any name appear in this list of a party known not to be a lecturer, we desire to be so informed, at this column is intended for Lecturers only.]

J. S. LOVELAND will answer calls to lecture, and will pay especial attention to the establishment of Children's Lyceums. Address, Banner of Light office, Boston.

MISS LIZZIE DOTEN WIll speak in Philadelphia during October. Will make no other engagements to lecture until further notice. Her many correspondents will note the above an nouncement. Adoress as above, or Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

MRS. LAURA CUPPY will lecture in Haverhill during August; in Armory Hall, Lynn, Sept. 3 and 10; in Portland, Me., during October. She will answer calls to speak week evenings. Address as above, or care Banner of Light.

nings. Address as above, or care Banner of Light.

N. Frank White will speak in Seymour, Conn., during August; in Worcester, Mass., during September; in Troy, N. Y., during October. Will answer calls to lecture in the West Sindays and week evenings through the rest of the fall and winter. Apply immediately. Address as above.

Dr. and Mrs. L. K. Coonlry will lecture and heal in Marshall County, Ill., until Aug. 15th. Address, Henry, Marshall Co., Ill. Will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light, and sell Spiritual and Reform Books.

M. H. Houseney, will speak in Staffard. Conn. August 1882.

M. H. HOUGHTON will speak in Stafford, Conn., Aug. 6.
Will answer calls to lecture in any of the Eastern or Middle
States the coming fall and winter. Address as above, or West

Paris, Me.

MRS. AUGUSTA A. CURRIER will lecture in Bangor, Me., during August; in Millord, N. H., Sept. 3 and 10. Address, box 815, Lowell, Mass.

MIBS MARTHA L. BECKWITH, trance speaker, will lecture in Portland, Me., during September. Address at New Haven, care of Geo. Beckwith.

care of Geo. Beckwith.

CHARLES A. HATDEN will speak in Chelsea, Mass., during September; in Lowell during October; in Philadelphia during November. Will make engagements to speak in the West through the winter and spring of 1836, if the friends desire. Address as above.

sire. Address as above.

Miss Emma Houston will lecture in Buffalo, N. Y., during August; in Cincinnati, O., during September; in Milwaukee, Wis., during October; in Cioveland, O., during November. Would be happy to make further engagements in the West.

Austres E. Simmons will-speak in Woodstock, Vt., on the first Sunday, in Bridgewater on the second Sunday, and in East Bethel on the fourth Sunday of every month during the coming year. Address, Woodstock, Vt.

WARREN CHARE will be at South Hardwick, Vt., till August. He will attend the Annual State Convention of Vermont at Ludlow, in August, the National Convention at Philadelphia in October, and lecture during January and February next in Washington, D. C.; during March in Philadelphia, and spend next summer in the West. Other engagements on the route will be made by an application soon. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

MRS. LAURA DE FORCE GORDON WILL lecture in Houghton, Me., during August. Address as above, or Bangor, Me., care of H. B. Emery, Esq. MES. SARAH A. BYRNES will lecture in Lynn, Dec. 3 and 10 Would like to make early engagements for the fall and winter

Would like to make early engagements for the fall and winter.
Address, 67 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass.
Miss Saram A. Nurr will speak in Ware, Mass., during
August; in l'etersham during September; in Athol during Oc
tober. Address as above, or Claremont, N. H.
BENJAMIN TODD, normal speaker, will lecture in Charlestown, Mass., during December. He is ready to answer calls to
lecture in the New England and Middle States. Address,
care Banner of Light office.
Mas. H. T. Strarms will lecture in Plymouth, Me., Aug. 6;
in Mouroe, Aug. 13; in Stockton, Aug. 20. Address as above,
or South Exeter, Me.

Mrs. E. M. Wolcott will

or South Exeter, Me.

Mrs. E. M. Wolcorr will speak in Eden Mills, Vt., and vicinity during July. Address as above. MRS. FAMME B. FELTON will speak in Stafford, Sept. 3 and 10; in Lynn, Sept. 17 and 24; in Chelses, Dec. 3 and 10. Will make engagements for the autumn and winter. Address, South Maiden, Mass.

J. M. PERBLER, of Battle Creek, Mich., will lecture in Providence, B. L. during September and October.

ISAAO P. GRENTERP will speak in Stockton, Me., Aug. 5; in Kewport, Aug. 15; in Levant, Aug. 19; in Glenburn, Aug. 17; in Haverhill, Mass., during September, Address, Exeter, Mills, Me. Milia, Me.

Mins B. O. Pzixrow will speak at Sheddeville, in West Windsor, Vt., Aug. 6 and 13, and Sept. 3 and 10. Those desiring her services as a spiritual medium and trance speaker are

requested to consult her by letter, directing the communications, until further notice, to Woodstock, it.

ALCINDA WILHELM, M. D., inspirational speaks will lecture in Northern and Bouthern Missouri, Aug. and Sept.; in Kansas, Get., Nov. and Dec. Address, in care of Jas. Hudon, Terre Haute, ind., until Aug. 1st.

MRS. A. P. BROWN will speak in Danville, Vt., every othe Sunday until further notice. She will attend funerals if do sired. Address, St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt.

W. E. Bruny will speak in Dover. Me. during August and sired. Address, St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt. W. K. Riplky will speak in Dover, Me., during August and September. Address as above, or Foxboro', Mass.

meptember. Address as above, or Foxboro', Mass.

Miss Susin M. Johnson will speak in Dexter, Me., during August; in Bangor during September: in Foxboro', Mass., Nov. 5 and 12; in Worcester, Dec. 17, 24 and 31.

Mas. S. A. Horron will speak in Rutland, Vt., the first Sunday of each month until November; in Quincy, Aug. 13 and 20.

Mae. Susin A. Hurchinson will speak in Cincinnati during August; in Stafford, Conn., during December. Address as above, or Syracuse, N. Y.

J. G. Fish will speak in Lowell, Mass., during January. Will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light. Address, Hammonton, N. J. DE JAMES COOPER, of Bellefontaine, Ohlo, will be at the Quarterly Meeting at Cadiz, Henry Co., Ind., on the 25th, 26th and 27th of August, with a supply of books, and will take sub-criptions for the Banner of Light, as usual.

F. L. WADSWORTH speaks every Sunday morning and evening in Sturgis, Mich., till further notice. Address accord-

DE. M. B. LAWRENCE will answer calls to lecture. Address.

Quincy Point, Mass.

MRS. JERNETT J. CLARE, Fair Haven, Conn., will answer calls to lecture or attend funerals in adjacent towns. Sue is engaged to speak in Fair Haven till Aug. 6. Address as above. MES. Addle L. Ballou, inspirational speaker, Mankato, inn.

Minn.

EMMA HARDINGE. Persons desiring information of her whereabouts can obtain it by inquiry of Mrs. E. J. French, 8 Fourth avenue, New York. Those who have occasion to write to her can address letters care of Mrs. Gilberg Wilkinson, 205 Cheltham Hill, Manchester, England. MRS. LYDIA ANN PRARSALL, inspirational speaker, Disco, Mich.

MES. ELIZABETH MARQUAND, inspirational and trance speaker, VI Walnut street, Newark, N. J., will answer calls to

lecture.

ELIJAH R. SWACKHAMER will answer calls to lecture on Communitary Life, the Commonwealth of the New Dispensation, Spiritualism, and kindred subjects. Address, 97 Wainut street, Newark, N. J.

Street, Newark, N. J.

LOIS WAISDROOKER can be addressed for fail and winter engagements at Cadiz, Ind., till September.

J. L. POTTER, trance speaker, will make engagements through the West to speak where the friends may desire. Address, Cedar Falls, Iowa, until further notice.

MISS MARTHA S. STURTEVANT, trance speaker, 72 Warren street, Boston.

street, Boston.

MRS. DR. D. A. Gallion will answer calls to lecture, under spirit control, upon diseases and their causes, and other subjects. Address Dr. J. Gallion, Healing Institute, Keokuk, Lowa. ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK. Engagements made for the remainder of the year. Address, box 718, Bridgeport, Conn.

J. H. RANDALL will answer calls to lecture in the central and northern parts of New York during August and September. Address, until August 1st, Rutland, Vt.; after that, Upper Lisle, N. Y.

Miss Sornia Kendrick, trance speaker, will answer calls o lecture Sundays, week evenings, or attend funerals. Adress, Lebanon, N. H.

Moszs Hull, Decatur, Mich. MRS. E. A. Bliss, Springfield, Mass. MRS. M. A. C. BROWN, West Brattleboro', Vt.

F. L. H. and Love M. Willis. Address, Hancock, N. H., ill September. MES. CORA L. V. HATCH, Seymour P. O., Alleghany Co., D. H. HAMILTON will answer calls to lecture on Reconstruc-ion and the True Mode of Communitary Life. Address, Ham-nonton, N. J.

monton, N. J.

Miss Lizzie Carley would like to make engagements for the late fall and winter months with the friends in New York and Pennsylvania. Address, Ypsilanti, Mich.

Mrs. F. O. Hizze. Address, box 166, Buffalo, N. Y. MBS. ANNA M. L. POTTS, M. D., of Philadelphia, will lecture upon anatomy, physiology, hygeine and dress reform through the Western States. Address, 462 State street, Chicago, Ill.

GROBOR F. KITTRIDGE Will answer calls to attend public circles, and lecture on Sundays, in Northern Michigan. Ad-dress, Grand Rapids, box 692. dress, Grand Hapius, box 92.

Mrs. S. Helen Matthews will accompany Dr. Roundy and wife on a tour through the northern part of New Hampshire and Vermont during the summer. Will answer calls to lecture. Address, East Westmoreland, N. H.

J. M. and C. F. Allen may be addressed, for the present, at Scarsport, Mc. H. B. STORER, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. Frances T. Young, trance speaking medium, No. 12 Avon place, Boston, Mass. MES. FANKIE DAVIS SMITH, Milford, Mass. LEO MILLER, Davenport, Iowa.

A. B. WHITING, Albion, Mich. MRS. N. J. WILLIS, trance speaker, Boston, Mass. MRS. E. K. LADD, No. 140 Court street, will answer calls to ecture.

REV. ADIN BALLOU, lecturer, Hopedale, Mass. MES. FRAME REID, inspirational speaker, Kalamazoo, Mich. MES. H. F. M. BROWE may be addressed at Chicago, Ill. MRS. M. S. TOWNSEND. Address, during July and August, Bildgewater, Vt.

ELIJAH WOODWORTH, inspirational speaker. Address, Lese, Ingham Co., Mich. IRA H. CURTIS speaks upon questions of government. Address, Hartford, Conn.

MRS. LOVINA HEATH, trance speaker, Lockport, N. Y. MRS. MART J. WILCOXSON, Hammonton, Atlantic Co., N. J C. AUGUSTA FITCH, trance speaker, box 1835, Chicago, Ill. Mrs. A. P. Brown, inspirational speaker. Address, St.

WILLIAM H. SALIBURY, trance speaking medium, will answer calls to lecture. Address, No. 7 Bank Row, Taunton, Ms. J. W. SEAVER, inspirational speaker, Byron, N. Y., will answer calls to lecture or attend funerals at accessible places. SAMUEL UNDERNILL, M. D., is again in the field, and ready to receive calls for lectures. Address care of A. J. Davis, 214 MRS. EMMA M. MARTIN, inspirational speaker, Birmingham, Mich.

B. T. Munn will lecture on Spiritualism anywhere in the country within a reasonable distance. Address, Skaneateles, N. Y.

MISS H. MARIA WORTHING, trance speaker, Oswego, Ill., will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals. THOMAS COOK, Huntsville, Ind., will answer calls to lecture MISS BELLE SCOUGALL, inspirational speaker, Rockford, Ill.

W. F. Jamieson, inspirational speaker, Decatur, Mich. MRS. SARAH M. THOMPSON, trance speaker, post office box 1019, Cleveland, O.; residence, 36 Bank street. E. V. WILSON, Menekauns, Oconto Co., Wis. Parties wishing his services week evenings will address him as above.

PROSPECTUS

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BANNER OF LIGHT

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